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British Columbia Magazine

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THE COAL QUESTION

The STATE vs. THE SPECULATOR

OUR IMPERIAL OUTLOOK

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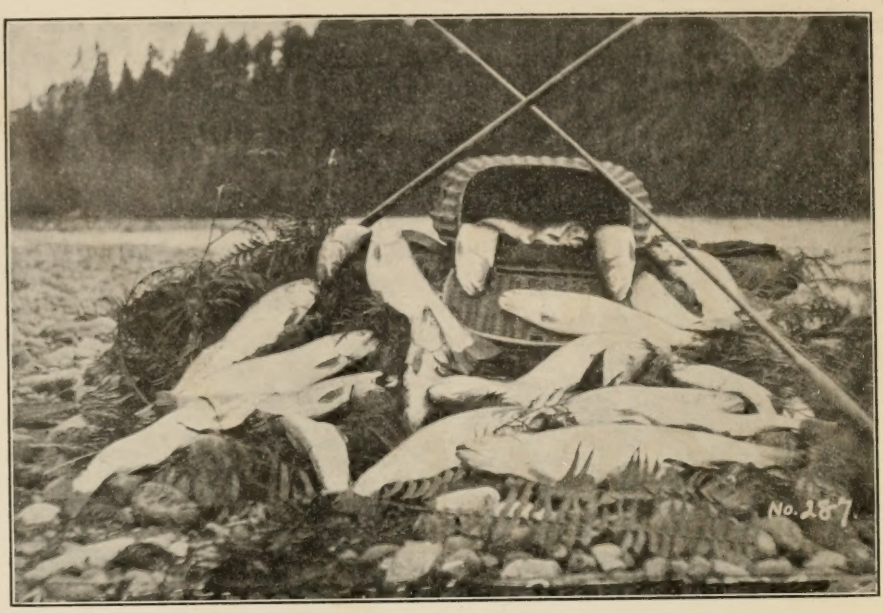

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN
EDITOR

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Offices: 711 Seymour Street VANCOUVER, B. C.

¶ The Editor will always be pleased to consider articles and photographs dealing with British Columbia. Stamps must be enclosed for the return of MSS. and photos in case of their not being accepted. Poetry will not be paid for. Business communications must be addressed to the Manager

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Mining started in British Columbia in the year 1858, when the discovery of gold was made in the Cariboo country. To supply the miners with beef, cattle were brought in from Oregon, U.S.A. In the year 1860 cattle-raising was started in a small way on the Fraser River and the Chilcotin River, where it proved most successful. The industry quickly spread up and down the valleys of the Thompson, Nicola, Similkameen and Okanagan. From that time for the best part of twenty years the cattlemen practically controlled the interior, or central part of the province. During that time 320-acre homesteads grew into holdings of from 1,000 up to 100,000-acre tracts of the choicest lands in the choicest parts of the province. Some of these holdings have since changed hands and been turned into fruit land, but some of them are still intact. It is property of this class that we are handling.

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W. R. ARNOLD,
MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Victoria

Her stately walls and towers rise
  Framed in an azure sea;
She marks with deep, prophetic eyes
  What is, and is to be.

Her harbors face with land-locked doors
  The blue Pacific's breast;
Her future sees the Island shores
  Steel-linked from east to west.

The merchant cities once that were
  Their grandeur left no gleam,
With Tyre and Sidon but a blur
  And Carthage as a dream.

But she in conscious power waits
  By strand and ocean quay,
Where sunlight gilds the opening gates
  Of her high destiny,——

When borne beyond the seven seas
  Shall sail her cargoed ships;
Her fame re-echoed on each breeze,
  Her name on all men's lips.

Ernest McGaffey.

Popularity

THE popularity of the Hon. Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia, is only rivalled by the popularity of lacrosse, the national game of Canada. The lacrosse season begins again this month. Our photo shows the Premier about to start a game between New Westminster and Vancouver.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII MAY, 1912 No. 5

The State Versus the Speculator in Australia

By T. H. Wilson

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The resources of British Columbia are unrivalled in Australia or any other portion of the Empire, and this article does not aim at giving the palm to the Commonwealth as the haven for any foot-loose pioneer, British or otherwise, in preference to our own province. It does aim, however, at planting some seeds of thought in our minds as to improving our own methods for placing good, solid citizens on our own soil. If any of our readers writes us down as tiresome in the matter of reiterating the fact that the source of all our wealth, present and future, is the land, he can find cold comfort in the fact that when he and we have passed on, the best friends of British Columbia will still be preaching the same old gospel from the same old text.

THE steady tramp of forty boys, almost all from Western Australia, was recently heard in the streets of Vancouver, New Westminster and Victoria. Since leaving us these boys have been received by the King in the heart of the Empire. One of the principal objects of their world-encircling tour is to draw attention to the great western state of the Australian Commonwealth. The practical advertising value of the tour was recognized by the Government of Western Australia in a grant of money towards the expenses of the boys.

In British Columbia, and indeed everywhere they have been, they proved an attraction such as the shrewd Young Australia League intended. Their appearance has caused people to make enquiries about the resources of Western Australia, that great state which covers an area of nearly a million square miles and possesses every variety of climate from that of dry, desert heat, to a rainfall in the southwest greater than that of the coast towns of British Columbia.

The glamor of the gold rush has come and gone, and Coolgardie has become little more than a name. The flourishing city of Kalgoorlie with its neighbor, Boulder, has, however, taken its place.

The drought of Coolgardie is historic, and is almost the only striking fact about Western Australia that sticks in our minds today. It will be news, therefore, to most people that a great feat of engineering has rendered the parched district in which the gold fields are situated a habitable and well-irrigated area. For hundreds of miles a great water main extends through the wilderness of sand from Mundaring. At Freemantle a magnificent artificial harbor has been built with splendid breakwaters, and it is here that passengers from Europe by

HARVESTING IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA

the P. and O. liners first make acquaintance with sunny Australia.

With the knowledge that Western Australia has a busy mining industry, a marvellous development of wheat-growing resources and extensive opening up of opportunities for industrial enterprises of all kinds, it is well to pause for a moment and consider how it is that this remote country has been able to attract the class of settler which does pioneer work, and how it has fared in immigration in comparison with this Canadian province that is but half the distance from the Motherland.

The keynote of the policy in Western Australia has been the development of waste crown lands through the state government, and not through private enterprise. In other words, it is the straight answer to the question of state versus the speculator in bringing the manless land in touch with the landless man. The provincial tax commission has heard much on its tour through British Columbia on how to distribute the incidence of taxation so that the other fellow should bear the burden, and while sitting in Victoria was directly challenged to go on record in favor of colonization schemes promoted by the government, rather than leave the development of the province to private enterprise. The argument put up was that the government has not the same financial interest in settling a man on the land as the private speculator, who has some monetary benefit to expect from settlement, even if the immigrant does not actually settle on the land of the company which brings him to the district.

It may be said, speaking generally, that the policy of British Columbian governments has been to dispose of the land in large blocks to speculators and to organizations of various types, some philanthropical in character, others avowedly commercial, and after placing the man on the ground let him work out his own salvation.

A strong analogy may be drawn between British Columbia and Western Australia in the fact that both are the western sections of their respective federations. Both have large areas of practically valueless land to administer, and both have an Oriental problem. Vast of acreage as is the West Australian state, much of it is worthless for agricultural land, and is so regarded

SHORTHORN COWS AND CALVES, STRATHALBYN, WEST AUSTRALIA

by the government in parcelling out its areas for settlement. Both countries, again, have dry and wet belts, and in the wet area of the southwestern district of Western Australia may be found the valuable karri and jarrah forests, which are of boundless worth as the means of providing the wood block pavements of innumerable cities throughout the world.

The policy of survey before selection has become the guiding mark by which the West Australian government's course is steered, and therefore the selector finds the land he is to occupy ready surveyed when he seeks his location, in contradistinction to many of the areas of British Columbia, where no man could find his holdings even on the ground, owing to the absence of proper maps. Large tracts of country are thrown open from time to time. After applications have been received (the minister of lands having meanwhile set a value on the lands according to the class of country reported upon by the government surveyors), a land board next appears on the scene, composed of officials of the department of agriculture, and makes a choice of selections after hearing evidence on oath. They find out whether the men have families, and if they possess any agricultural experience. No man may receive more than 1000 acres, although of course there are sections of the land act which enable the locator to take up his 160 acres just as the pre-emptor does here. But the government takes the view that in a country like Western Australia less than 1000 acres is inadequate, and the advice given is to clear 160 to 200 acres, and fence the remainder. This gives stock a chance to roam at large, the Australian bush being open compared with the British Columbia forest, and possessing many nutritious plants.

Once in on the land, to enable the settler to bridge over the interval between the exhaustion of his capital and the return on his enterprise, a state land bank exists, on the model common in Central Europe, which is allowed to lend money on improvements, ring-barking, fencing, and so on. Crown land is about half the cost of similar land here, and must be paid for in twenty years, by half-yearly payments. By possessing the railway system of the state, save one important line, the government can grant special facilities to landseekers in the way

A NURSERY—SOME FLOWERS OF THE SUNNY SOUTH

of cheap fares. At the nearest point to the agricultural blocks which are thrown open, the selector is met by land guides, employed by the government, who show him over the land and take a personal interest in his comfort and happy settlement amid new surroundings.

Land costs about $35 an acre to clear in the state in the salmon gum country, as against $65 according to an average recently taken on the lower mainland of British Columbia. In the heavier scrub, however, in Western Australia the charge would run to $50 an acre. The stumps have to be blown out with gelanite. Every class of farmer can find opportunity in different parts of the state, although, of course, at present the wheat-grower is preferred by the government. There is excellent country in the southwestern division suitable for fruits and dairying. Approximating most closely to the British Columbian system of alienating large areas of crown lands to single individuals or corporations is the plan of big grazing leases in the north and northwest, where hundreds of head of cattle and sheep are kept on the stations on holdings similar to the type associated with the early days of life in the Australian bush. There are also in that portion of the state which has been settled for many years large grants which resist development, but which compulsory purchase has begun to influence. One of these is the grant near Perth made to a brother of Sir Robert Peel in the middle of the last century.

Training and experimental farms are carried on by the government in connection with their land policy, and every encouragement is given the newcomer to settle, and make himself quickly at home. This system of colonization by state control is now passing from its experimental stage and becoming a recognized factor, so much so that in a few years Western Australia has turned from a wheat-importing country to an exporting one, and this is increasing in volume yearly. The Canadian elevator system is already under consideration at Freemantle to afford storage facilities.

The Mate's Yarn

By ALFRED HUSTWICK

One night, in Fagan's boarding-house,
  This startling tale I drew
From a wild-eyed, stranded seaman
  Who touched me for a chew.
I simply pass it on to you—
I don't assert it's true.

"A stickler for religion, sir,
  Was Cap'n Thomas Gore.
He never smoked, he never chewed,
  And never drank, or swore.
He knew the Scriptures stem to stern,
  And from them could declaim.
He had religion every trip,
  But seldom had the same.

"Though raised a Presbyterian
  He turned a Calvinist,
And then was Baptist, Methodist,
  And something 'Adventist.'
Of all the ways of seeking grace
  There wasn't one he missed.
He tried them all awhile, and then
  Turned Christian Scientist.

"Now Cap'n Gore was skipper of
The good ship Albacore.
To seek a freight on Puget Sound
She sailed from Singapore.
And scarcely had she cleared the land
When Yellow-jack broke out.
The mate announced the fact, and said,
'We'd better put about.'

"But Cap'n Gore said, 'Nonsense, man!
D'ye think I'll lose a trip
Because I chance to have a lot
Of sailors in my ship
Who think they've got the Yellow-jack,
And think they're going to die?
They'd better think they're well again.
Put back to port? Not I!'

"It was upon the second day
The cook and bos-un died,
And when the skipper heard of it
He shook his head and sighed.
'They only *think* they're dead,' he said;
'It's just a sailor's whim.
I'll give them absent treatment,' and
The skipper sang a hymn.

"With song and prayer and Scripture texts
The skipper vainly sought
To rouse the men that thought that they
Were dead—or thought they thought.
For while to bring them back to life
The thoughtful skipper tried,
The thoughtless mate sewed both men up
And put them overside.

"'Now, Mister Mate, I think you were
A little premature.
If you had but delayed,' he said,
'I might have worked a cure.'
He frowned upon the puzzled mate
And turned in wrath away,
And what that poor mate thought just then
No language can convey.

"The carpenter took sick that night,
And in the morning died.
They buried him next afternoon,
With ten more men beside.
The skipper took a Science book,
As puzzled as could be,
And suddenly he slapped his thigh
And to the mate says he:

"'Malicious magnetism is
The trouble with the crew.'
'That may be so,' the mate replied,
'But what are we to do?
The men are dying thick and fast,
And calling Yellow-jack
By any high-fallutin' name
Won't bring a dead man back.

"'Since absent treatment fails to cure,
I ask of you once more
To turn the ship about again
And head for Singapore.'
'Impossible!' the skipper said.
'I've been too long at sea
To humor foolish foc'sle whims.
Hold on your course,' said he.

"And so, unchecked, the fever worked
It's havoc day by day,
For though the skipper sang and prayed,
The sailors passed away,
Until of all that gallant crew
That numbered thirty-five,
The skipper and the mate alone
Believed themselves alive.

"Then said the mate, 'We've lost our crew—
I've buried thirty-three.
We've not a man to stand a watch;
The ship rolls helplessly.'
The skipper smiled a sickly smile
And sat down suddenly.
He passed his hand across his brow:
'I think I'm sick,' said he.

"'*I* think you've got the Yellow-jack,'
The mate he made reply.
'I think you're right,' the skipper said;
'I think I'm going to die.'
And sure enough the skipper died
That day at half-past three.
The mate he lowered the skipper's gig:
'I think I'll go,' said he.

"And so the sole survivor of
The good ship Albacore
Departed in the skipper's gig,
And safely reached the shore.
I *think* it was the mate that lived,
And, just 'tween you and me,
I'm not quite certain of it, but
I *think* the mate was *me*."

LOOKING SOUTH FROM SWANSEA PEAK, HEAD OF LAKE WINDERMERE, MUD LAKE, AND UPPER COLUMBIA LAKE

E. C. SMITH'S RANCH, ON HIGH BENCH NEAR ST. EUGENE MISSION

COLUMBIA VALLEY, LOOKING NORTH FROM SWANSEA PEAK

LUMBER YARD, KOOTENAY VALLEY

HARVESTING AT GOLDEN

THREE GRIZZLIES SHOT BY DR. T. G. LONGSTAFF IN THE SPILLIMACHEEN MOUNTAINS

VALLEY OF TOBY CREEK, FROM WAGON ROAD, MOUNT HAMMOND IN CENTRE

KOOTENAY, COLUMBIA VALLEY

LOOKING NORTH FROM SWANSEA PEAK, COLUMBIA VALLEY TO THE RIGHT, SALMON RIVER VALLEY TO THE LEFT

RANCH NEAR WINDERMERE

KOOTENAY, COLUMBIA VALLEY

BENCHES NEAR GALENA

Vancouver's Water Supply

By G. A. Barber

VANCOUVER has a water supply of about 20,000,000 gallons a day and 210 miles of main water pipe. The average sprinkling cart, drawn by two horses, holds 500 gallons. Imagine then that it would take 40,000 water wagons to draw this amount of water to the city every day, and you have some idea of Vancouver's water supply. It may also be pointed out that the city's equipment for delivery is capable of extensions, raising this amount to 40,000,000 gallons a day. This means that at the present time a sufficient quantity of water is available for 200,000 people, allowing the consumption per capita to be 100 gallons a day. On the same basis of estimating, the possible resources of the system, as now installed, would meet the demands of 400,000 population. The water is as pure as any in the world, being taken from two systems or two streams rising in the mountains above the snow line. It contains no lime, and is clear and soft.

VANCOUVER OWNS ITS WATER SYSTEM

The city purchased its Capilano works from a private concern in 1891 for something over $400,000. The expenditure to date on waterworks account is some $3,000,000. Of this sum nearly $2,000,000 has been spent since 1905. The increasing demands upon the plant, due to the growth of the city, are indicated by the following tables:

WATERWORKS COLLECTIONS

For first six months—

1907	$ 78,213.79
1908	95,008.65
1909	114,341.04
1910	137,110.81
1911	181,372.81

more than the combined totals of 1907 and 1908.

APPLICATIONS FOR WATER SERVICE

From leaseholders only, for first half of—

1907	766
1908	843
1909	939
1910	984
1911	1375

WATER SERVICES IN USE

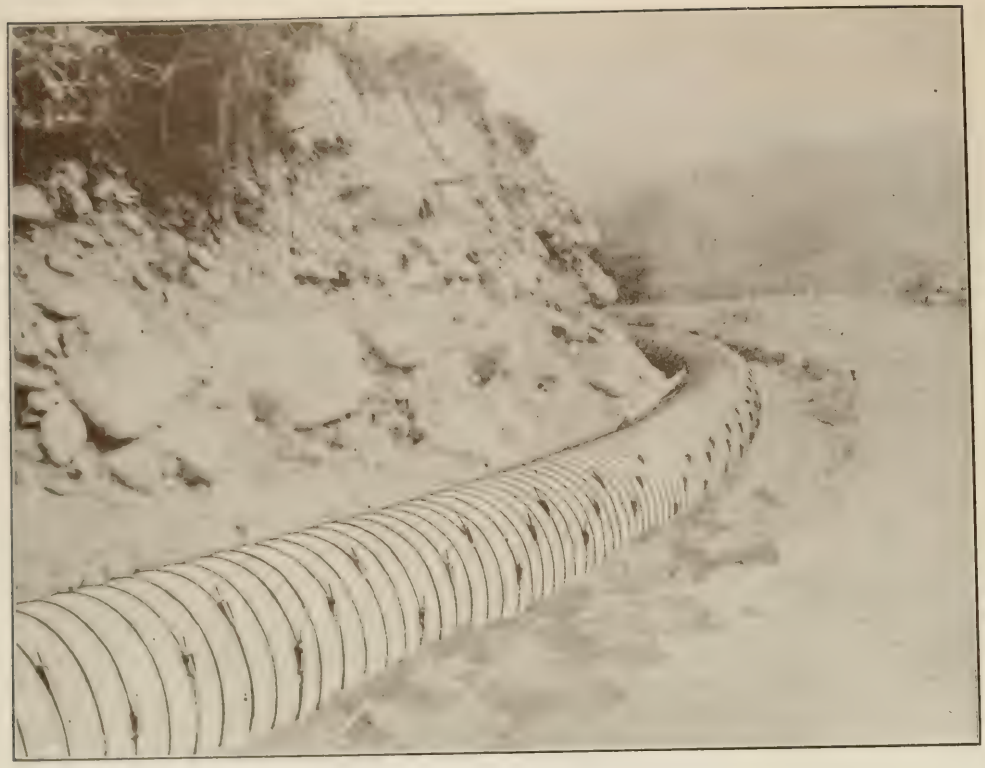
June, 30, 1907	10,250
June 30, 1908	11,914
June 30, 1909	13,577
June 30, 1910	15,452
June 30, 1911	18,500

In 1906 the city council proposed the largest money bylaw ever submitted to the electors up to that time. It was for $750,000, for the complete transformation of the Capilano Creek system and the placing of the city mains on a permanent basis. The electorate agreed to this proposition. Since the date mentioned the city council has twice asked the ratepayers for more money; namely, in each instance for $400,000, which amounts were granted, and yet another sum of $243,000 was voted in October, 1909. The appeals for these moneys were based not only on the improvement of the systems on the north side of the inlet, where the intakes are located, but also to cover the demands in the city, necessitated by the rapid growth of population.

SEYMOUR CREEK SYSTEM

Shortly after the $750,000 bylaw was carried and the Capilano Creek extensions were under way Superintendent Steve Maddison advised, that instead of spending all of this money on the Capilano extensions, that the installation of a second and independent system should be gone ahead with, using Seymour Creek as another source of supply.

LAYING THE MAINS ACROSS THE FIRST NARROWS



A PART OF THE CAPILANO PIPE LINE, SHOWING THE SHARPEST CURVE EVER CONSTRUCTED OF WOOD PIPE

He pointed out that if this were done an alternate system of submerged mains across the inlet could be secured, which would give the city a water supply even should all the mains at the First Narrows be put out of commission through accident. It may be stated in passing that on several occasions these submerged mains have been broken by deep-sea going steamers grounding at very low tide at Brockton Point or going out of their course on the flats at the mouth of Capilano Creek. This new plan was agreed upon by all concerned. Messrs. Hermon and Burwell were appointed as consulting engineers, and the great work was started and completed under the direct supervision of Mr. H. M. Burwell.

The Seymour Creek intake is located at an elevation of 465 feet above sea level. In order to furnish the water from this source to the highest levels in the city it is sent through the mains at full head. The water passes from the "screen" house and flows through a short section of 36-inch wooden stave pipe, then enters a stretch of 30-inch wooden pipe, which extends for several miles to a point at the rocky, deep canyon. The pipe-line road follows the bank of the creek. Here a 24-inch steel pipe is substituted on account of the high pressure, and this type of main is used to the Second Narrows, under the tide-waters of which are submerged two 18-inch mains, bringing the supply to the city. Pipes run through Hastings Townsite, the city streets, part of Point Grey and South Vancouver, until it reaches Little Mountain, south of the city, where an equalizing reservoir with a capacity of 25,000,000 imperial gallons is reached. Another reservoir to hold 20,000,000 gallons will shortly be constructed for the Seymour system near Hastings. The locations of these reservoirs enables their storage supplies to be delivered to the highest points in Vancouver and district. The Seymour intake is about nine miles from the city boundary, and the watershed has an area of eighty square miles. The average annual rainfall for this territory is 120 inches and the temperature is such as to cause a large portion of this downpour to be stored on the mountain peaks some miles beyond in the

30-INCH WOODEN STAVE PIPE, SEYMOUR CREEK. THE PIPE WAS BUILT IN THE TRENCH. NOTE THE SHARP CURVE

form of snow or ice which comes down during summer. The average daily run-off is quoted at 44,000,000 cubic feet.

The waterworks intake on the Capilano Creek is seven miles from the First Narrows of Burrard Inlet and at an elevation of 485 feet above sea level. It is situated in a natural rock-bound pool of considerable depth at a bend of the creek. Until a few years ago the intake was situated at the historic waterworks dam, now a thing of the past, three-quarters of a mile south of the new one. From here to the old dam a 36-inch wooden stave pipe is used. After leaving the old dam two mains are used—one being 30 inches in diameter and the other 22 inches. Further down the stream, as the pressure increases, one 30-inch and one 22-inch steel mains are run through a tunnel rendered necessary by the contour of the river bank. From this point to the mouth of the creek—some five miles—one 22-inch and one 16-inch steel mains are used, provision being made for an additional 24-inch main. Under the First Narrows five submerged 12-inch mains carry the water to the south side. At low tide in the middle of the Narrows the pipes rest on a rock bottom 85 feet below the surface. A safety reservoir in Stanley Park, holding 10,000,000 gallons, is fed from the mains, and is only used in case of accidents to the mains, it being only 250 feet elevation, which is inadequate for the high levels in the city. A standpipe is built in the reservoir, increasing the head of the water to 290 feet. The mains run through the park to Coal Harbor, where they are again submerged, running near the bridge at the foot of Georgia Street, where they reach the city. The Capilano watershed comprises about 55 square miles. The capacity of the creek, based on the average annual rainfall of 120 inches, is placed at 30,000,000 cubic feet per day.

The intakes are so located as to obviate the use of artificial dams. Concrete sediment tanks are placed on such levels to allow the water to flow slowly into the intakes, thereby allowing any heavy drift or sediment to settle. Below these sediment tanks are the screen houses. Here the water is strained before flowing any further. Both settling tanks and screens are arranged in pairs to allow the use of one set, or chamber, while the other is being cleaned. The screens are lifted out of the water for this purpose and lowered back again by hydraulic power.

The Little Mountain reservoir, which has recently been finished, has a capacity of 25,000,000 imperial gallons or 30,000,000 U. S. gallons, when filled up to the normal overflow level of the waste pipe.

24-INCH LAP-WELDED STEEL MAIN, SEYMOUR CREEK

It is an equalizing reservoir designed to take care of fluctuations which occur in the city's demand, and is situated about one mile south of the city boundary.

It provides for extraordinary requirements, such as would be necessary in the event of several large fires occuring at one time throughout different parts of the city, when the demand for water would, for several hours time, probably be in excess of the capacity of the supply mains. The reservoir would then provide for this deficiency and maintain the necessary supply during this time of exceptional draft.

In addition to the above duty it will contain a sufficient storage to maintain the supply to the present population for about three days at a time, in the event of an interruption in one of the supply mains from either the Capilano or Seymour Creek.

At the present time this reservoir is connected with only one 18-inch main from the Seymour Creek system, it being the intention when the work was laid out to have another connection with a high pressure pipe from the Capilano system, so that in the event of an interruption in one of these pipes the other would maintain the supply. The Capilano connection will probably be made in the near future.

In addition to the two above connections it is now the intention (since it was decided last year to construct another new 32-inch main into the city from Seymour Creek) to have still another connection with the new Seymour Creek main.

The following are the dimensions of the reservoir, capacity and other information:

Top length of reservoir	612 feet
Bottom length of reservoir	514 "
Top width of reservoir	377 "
Bottom width of reservoir	280 "
Depth from top to bottom	25 "
Slopes of inside	2 horizontal to 1 vertical
Top width of bank	45 feet
Width of base of bank	145 "
Total excavation	80,000 cub. yds.
Rock excavation	18,000 " "
Plain concrete lining	15,000 sq. yds.
Reinforced concrete lining	10,000 " "
Cost of excavation	$52,000.00
Cost of concrete lining	43,000.00
Total cost	$95,000.00
Capacity when filled to the top	29,000,000 Imp. gal.
Capacity with depth of 22 ft.	25,000,000 " "
Elevation of top above sea level	400 feet

The excavation work was performed by Mr. M. P. Cotton, under contract, and consisted chiefly of a very hard compact mass of boulder clay, containing large stones, which had to be drilled and blasted before it could be removed by the steam shovel.

The material excavated was filled into dump cars, then hauled away from the shovel by dinkey locomotives and placed into the banks.

These banks are formed throughout (excepting at the rock cut) with the material excavated from the site of the reservoir. The inside portion of the banks being made with the finer and most suitable material for this purpose, and the outer portion formed from the coarser material, boulders and excavated rock.

The finished outside slope of the bank for its entire length is formed with the large pieces of broken rock excavated from bedrock.

This adds to the stability of the bank, improves its appearance and prevents erosion from the heavy winter rains.

LINING OF RESERVOIR

The lining of the bottom consists of concrete slabs made in 12-foot squares, 4½ inches in thickness and provided with parting joints.

The side slopes are lined with reinforced concrete, with an average thickness of 4½

inches. The reinforcement is made with Clinton electrically-welded wire cloth, Nos. 6, 8 and 10 guage.

This lining was made in sections 12 feet wide, which were started at the bottom and carried up to the coping at the top of the bank in one continuous operation.

Between each section a parting joint has been formed and designed to provide for contraction or expansion in the lining, and at the same time maintain a water-tight joint.

The total cost of the work at $95,000 brings the cost per 1,000 gallons capacity at $3.80.

Comparing this cost with that of similar work done in other cities and considering the price of labor here at present, it will be found that an economical job has been performed.

The new American Civil Engineers' Pocketbook states that "$4.00 per 1,000 U. S. gallons capacity is a common figure for medium-sized reservoirs on a favorable site."

Where the cost of labor is considerably under that which was paid here.

It was at first proposed to do the lining by a separate contract, but owing to the contractor failing to carry it through this work was finally taken over by the city and performed by day labor.

Mr. W. H. McEachern, of this city, received the appointment as foreman and acted in this capacity until the completion of the work.

LITTLE MOUNTAIN RESERVOIR

The reservoir was designed by Mr. H. M. Burwell, of the firm of Hermon & Burwell, who also supervised its entire construction.

Burnaby

[Compiled from Information Supplied by the Board of Trade

A GLANCE at the map of what is legally known as the New Westminster District of British Columbia will show that the municipality of Burnaby forms at the present time the largest undivided area of the peninsula, bounded on the north by Burrard Inlet and on the south by the north arm of the Fraser River. The municipality possesses an area of upwards of thirty-six square miles, and can boast of six miles of frontage on the salt water of Burrard Inlet, and of nearly four and a half miles upon the fresh water of the north arm of the Fraser River. By reason of its geographical situation every means of communication between the eastern portion of Canada, as well as of Great Britain, with the city of Vancouver, must necessarily pass through its limits. Thus there is on the extreme north, skirting the shores of Burrard Inlet, the Canadian Pacific transcontinental railway. Two miles farther south the district is traversed by the Great Northern railway, connecting Vancouver with the United States. Progressing farther southward we have, at a distance of some three-quarters of a mile, the interurban line of the British Columbia Electric Railway, known as the "Burnaby Lake" route from Vancouver to New Westminster. Two miles farther south the territory is traversed by the main interurban line between these two cities, via Central Park. A cut-off in connection with this last-named line opens up an interlying district for a stretch of some two and a half miles. At the extreme south of the municipality we meet the Canadian Pacific Railway line from Westminster to Eburne, now electrified and operated by the British Columbia Electric Railway. Independently, therefore, of the cut-off, there are five railways, operating over thirty-five miles of line, at the present moment, running east and west through Burnaby district, while others are being provided for by charter or otherwise. Every set of wires which brings Vancouver within touch of the continents of Europe and America traverse this section of country. The whole of the electric power in use in the city of Vancouver also makes its ingress by way of Burnaby. There is the Vancouver Power Company, with its many sub-stations, and also the Western Canadian Power Company, transmitting the energy derived from the Stave Lake falls.

HOME OF MR. B. G. WALKER, J.P.

It is little wonder, then, that concurrently with the vast expansion of the city of Vancouver and the not less substantial development of the city of New Westminster, the district of Burnaby should itself be evincing a rapid and permanent growth.

Some idea of the extent to which this growth has proceeded may be gained by consideration of the following figures: Three years ago the assessed value of the municipality was $4,807,899; today it is $18,707,819. Three years ago the expenditures upon public works and administration amounted to $109,998, while today it is represented by $1,129,659. During this period of three years one hundred and ten miles of roads have been opened. These mileages will be doubled during 1912, as will the fifteen miles of sidewalks that have been laid. All these expansions have to be made because of the enormous influx of settlers. A street light-

A VIEW OF BEAUTIFUL BURNABY LAKE

ing system has been provided. The municipality has been fortunate enough to secure a water supply from Seymour Creek, one of the sources of Vancouver's famous system. The water is brought across Burrard Inlet and distributed over the whole municipality by means of steel mains at a cost of $600,000. This cost covers eighty miles of mains, reservoirs, pump houses, tanks, etc. An annual rental of $7,000 is paid to Vancouver for 250 miners' inches of water, thus assuring an ample supply to the whole district for many years to come. Owing to these exceptionally favorable terms the council will be able to supply water to all consumers at rates considerably lower than are charged in other districts. This will be an inestimable boon to manufacturers and others.

The most potent factor in the forward movement now being taken by Burnaby municipality is found in the constitution of its governing body. The transition from the old to the new method of local government is consistent with the increase in capital and importance. For the past two years it has been the good fortune of Burnaby to have in the person of its chief executive officer a man who combines a wide commercial experience with untiring energy and indomitable perseverance. We refer to Reeve Weart, who, it is not too much to say, is today the best equipped executive officer of any municipal district, either city or urban, in the Province of British Columbia. It is much to the advantage of the reeve to be ably and loyally supported by a council of similar aspirations and of equal zeal with himself. To enumerate the many permanent improvements that have been accomplished during the past two years would involve a task too extensive for the limits of this article. The effect of their operation is, however, something that we can point to as a criterion of their value, for today Burnaby occupies the foremost place amongst municipalities, and it has become known far and wide as a district which attracts the establishment of industries, is a most promising field for commercial undertakings, and is

THE MUNICIPAL HALL, BURNABY

TYPE OF THE FINE RESIDENCES BEING BUILT IN BURNABY

B. G. WALKER, J.P.
PRESIDENT OF THE BURNABY BOARD OF TRADE

the centre of settlement for persons in every rank of life. In no place has the protection of life and property of His Majesty's subjects been more carefully considered than in Burnaby. It has a mounted police force which will bear comparison in morale and equipment with any city in Canada. The provision for the dispatch of business connected with the administration of justice is ample and up to date, the head of the judicial department being Mr. B. G. Walker, J.P., stipendiary magistrate.

Burnaby also possesses an energetic board of trade, consisting of about 100 members, who are persistent in their efforts to secure on behalf of the residents every possible advantage, while at the same time using every effort to increase the development of the entire municipality. Mr. Walker is president of this body, and is now serving his third term. He is supported very ably by the secretary, Mr. T. D. Coldicutt. The municipal government is now housed in a commodious and up-to-date building, comprising under one roof all the various departments of municipal work. We reproduce a photograph of this latest edition to the attractions of Burnaby.

One of the most important movements for the advancement of Burnaby has recently been handed over by a committee of citizens to the municipal council. It applies to the whole of the district lying within the valley of Burnaby Lake and its tributary waters. A petition signed by 58 per cent. of the registered property owners, representing 68 per cent. of the assessed value, has been presented to the council, asking them to undertake the work, under the local improvement clauses of the Municipal Clauses Act, of thoroughly dredging and improving the banks of Burnaby Lake and Still Creek, as well as clearing and cleansing the outlet from Burnaby Lake known as Brunette River. The expenditure involved in this undertaking will approximate to a quarter of a million dollars. When it is accomplished Burnaby will be in possession of the finest stretch of fresh water suitable for aquatic sports and regattas, as well as a pleasure resort, that can be found on the Pacific coast. Naturally this means a vast increase in the value of all the properties lying within this extensive area. The southern aspect of the land surrounding Burnaby Lake presents the most desirable site for the erection of costly residences, and already several of the

MR. J. W. WEART, REEVE OF BURNABY

PART OF THE PLANT OF THE NORTH PACIFIC LUMBER COMPANY IN BURNABY. THIS IS A MODEL MILL IN EVERY RESPECT, BEING UP-TO-DATE IN EVERY FEATURE

well-to-do residents of the cities of New Westminster and Vancouver have started upon the work of building homes in this neighborhood. From present appearances this would appear to be the further destiny of this most beautiful locality.

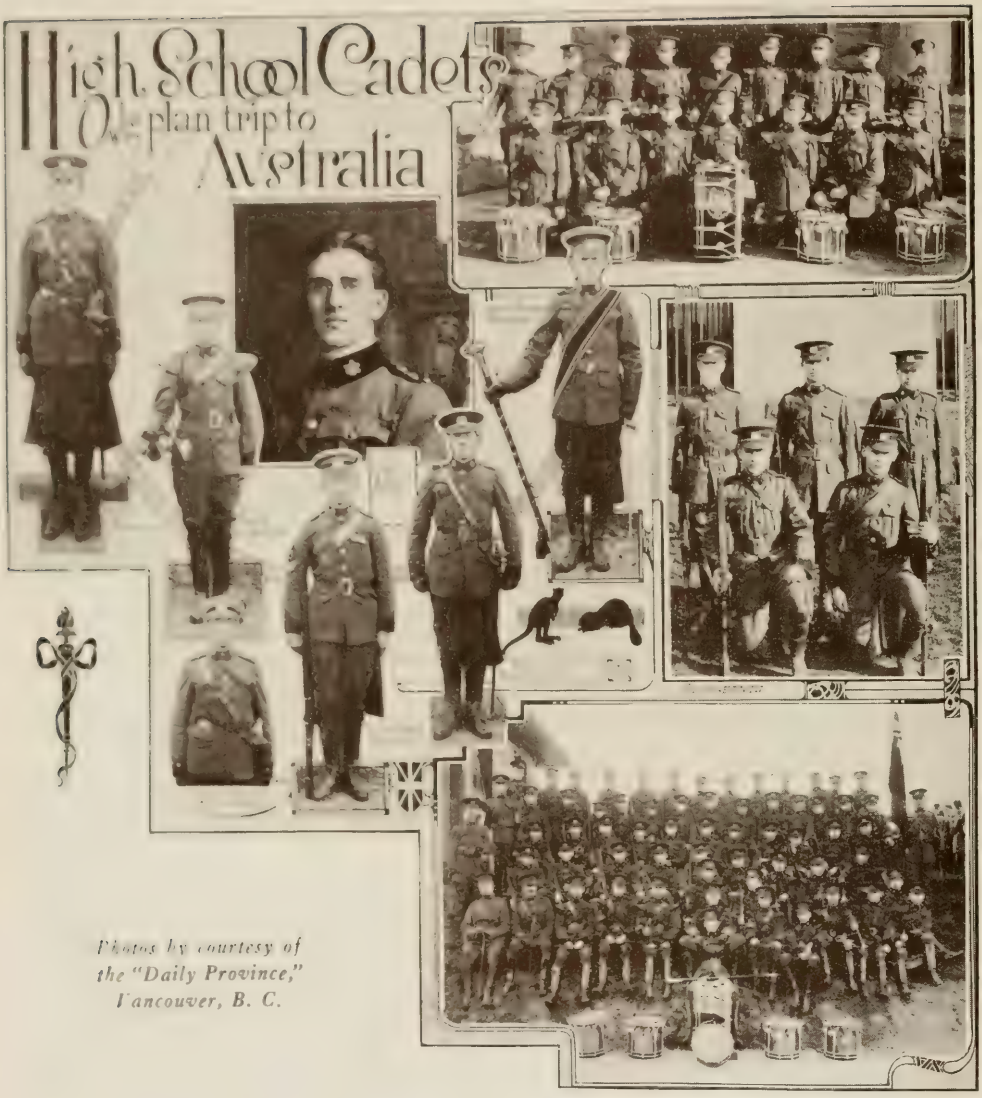
Another important movement now on foot is the proposed dredging of the north arm of the Fraser, in favor of which a petition from all the interested municipal governing bodies and boards of trade has been forwarded to the Federal Government at Ottawa. The authorities concerned have already the assurance that this work will be immediately put in hand, and a powerful suction dredge is under order for the purpose. The scheme includes the building of a jetty in the north arm of the river, so that the sand dredged from the river bed may be prevented from again silting up the channel. The extensive stretch of land within the district of Burnaby which fronts on the north arm of the Fraser is of a level character and eminently suited for the construction of docks. With the opening of the Panama Canal within a period of two years, it is reasonably expected that the southern portion of Burnaby municipality will be extensively used for shipping purposes, grain elevators, sawmills and other important industries. It is, of course, obvious that to the shipping fraternity a fresh-water harbor possesses great advantages, by reason of the facility for cleansing hulls while the ships are loading or unloading their cargo.

Any notice of Burnaby would be incomplete without reference to the fine park of natural forestry, comprising some 220 acres, known as Central Park. The laying-out of this reserve is in the hands of a board of commissioners under Mr. C. F. Sprott, J.P., appointed by the Provincial Government, the municipal council of Burnaby and the municipal council of South Vancouver. This year a Government grant of $3,000 has been made towards the expense of putting walks and roads through the bush, to render the beauties of Nature easy of access. The park is a favorite spot for picnic and Sunday-school parties, and accommodation is provided for the heating of water and for amusements. This breathing space will

EDMONDS, A RAPIDLY GROWING SECTION OF BURNABY

form one of the greatest assets of the entire municipality as the country becomes more and more settled.

Persons who are considering favorably establishing homes or industries within this municipal district should bear in mind that here all the resources of civilization are available. They have the means of installing telephone communication, electric light, railway conveniences, good roads, streets lighted by arc lamps, excellent sidewalks, and ample water supply.

THE ELECTRIC TRAM SERVICE PUTS BURNABY INTO TOUCH WITH VANCOUVER AND NEW WESTMINSTER

Photos by courtesy of the "Daily Province," Vancouver, B. C.

The Beaver to the Kangaroo

ON July 10 the steamer Zealandia will sail with seventy Vancouver cadets on board, bound for Australia, at the invitation of the Young Australia League. On another page it is pointed out that the Australian cadets who recently visited the United States, Canada and the Mother Land, were making remote parts of the Empire more familiar with each other and incidentally advertising Australia.

The Vancouver cadets will return to us with experiences and impressions that should be of untold value to them in after life, and they will also have directed the attention of Australians to our own beautiful province. These trips should be encouraged and supported in every way. They put into practice in another way the principle that Cecil Rhodes had in his mind when he founded the Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford. All our readers will wish the cadets God-speed, and desire them to remember that they are going to a distant part of the Empire as representatives not of Vancouver only, but of Canada.

A Vancouver Pioneer

THE death of Mr. John Morton on April 18 illustrates in a striking manner the unparalleled speed at which Vancouver has grown. Mr. Morton was the first white man to settle on the site now occupied by this city of nearly 200,000 souls. A very racy and characteristic article in the June number of this magazine last year from the pen of Mr. J. H. Grant told the story of Mr. Morton's early days as a settler on the shores of Burrard Inlet. The article, which was entitled "Burrard Inlet in Early Times," is well worth turning up and re-reading.

The following brief outline of Mr. Morton's career will be full of interest to everybody, but especially to those who have recently visited Vancouver.

By a coincidence worth noting Mr. Morton died during the time the world was plunged into sorrow by the appalling disaster to the Titanic on her maiden voyage. Mr. Morton came to New York in 1862 on board the famous Great Eastern—the Titanic of her day, then making *her* maiden trip.

Born at Salendine Nook, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England, on April 16, 1834, Mr. Morton was descended from old Scottish stock. His family left Scotland in 1542 on account of religious persecution, and settled in Yorkshire, where the members worked at their trade as potters. It was this family that began the little religious community which from 1542 grew into the Baptist mother church of Yorkshire.

In answer to the call of the wildly heralded goldfields of the Cariboo district, Mr. Morton, accompanied by two of his boyhood companions, came west to New Westminster, then known as Queensboro, by way of Panama and the Isthmus. Their quest in the Cariboo goldfields was marked by indifferent success, Mr. Morton even making two trips to the Cariboo, walking to and from Yale to the diggings.

The change in these young adventurers' fortunes came in a single stroke of luck. While walking down Columbia Street in New Westminster, Mr. Morton espied samples of coal in the window of a shoemaker, and knowing from his experience as a potter that fire clay was usually to be found beside outcroppings of coal, entered the shop and learned that the fuel had been brought in by an Indian. Looking up the Siwash, Mr. Morton engaged him to show the way to the seam of coal. They travelled through dense forest and underbrush to the southern shore of Burrard Inlet, whence Mr. Morton was conducted by canoes to the upper end of Coal Harbor. He discovered that the coal seam was of no importance, and bade the Indian by signs, for they knew nothing of one another's language, to convey him back to the starting-point.

The Indian paddled through the First Narrows, past Siwash Rock, and landed Mr. Morton on the shores of English Bay at sundown, where the canoe was beached for the night. After many signs and assur-

THE LATE JOHN MORTON

ances in dumb show, Mr. Morton was persuaded to follow the Indian into the dense wood, and was surprised to find himself back at Coal Harbor camp in a few minutes. This fact, and his learning that the First Narrows were fully sixty feet deep, led him to believe that Burrard Inlet would in time prove a great seaport harbor. He returned to New Westminster and so reported to his companions.

They immediately decided to pre-empt a portion of the land over which Mr. Morton had travelled and, being assured by Judge Brew that their staking off of the land by pacing would be recognized as legal by the court, the three men, Morton, Hailstone and Brighouse, again visited Coal Harbor and laid out a tract containing 585 acres bounded by Coal Harbor, Stanley Park, English Bay and the mouth of False Creek, and what is now Burrard street. They attempted to pre-empt Stanley Park, but found that was reserved by the Government for a naval station. At one time Mr. Morton thought he would include Deadman's Island in his land claim, but decided that this could not be, as Chief Capilano, a very close tillicum of his, protested that the isle was used as the burying-place of the "good" Indian, and therefore could not be desecrated by the living. This land cost originally $1 an acre, and the young men secured the money to pay for it by working in pairs, while the third man performed the residence duties, in rotation. The land today comprises the major portion of what is known as the West End of Vancouver. This property is conservatively estimated to be worth millions of dollars. Neither Mr. Morton, his associates, nor his family profited by the great increase in values, because, little by little, the property was disposed of years ago to others.

Mr. Morton, however, had retained enough of the property to make himself well-to-do, and was the holder of some of the lots in the district. This property will be left in the hands of his wife, son and daughter, who survive him.

The first cabin was built upon the little knoll upon which site the warehouses of the Blue Ribbon Tea Company are now placed. He got on very friendly terms with the Indians of the district, because he was the only man around who possessed a grindstone. At that time the C. P. R. planned to come no farther than Port Moody, and it was partly due to the solicitation of the three pioneers, who granted one-third of their property to the company, that the road was extended to its present terminus.

In 1884 Mr. Morton bought a ranch near Mission Junction, and he was living there at the time of the great fire in Vancouver in 1886. His son tells of seeing the flames reflected against the sky forty-two miles away. He tired of the ranch, however, and returned to the original grant in the early 'nineties, residing at 1947 Pendrell, which is a part of the original grant, from that time until his death.

Mr. Morton lived simply and quietly, his only public activity being prompted by his great love for the cause of the Baptist Church in Canada, and particularly in Vancouver. His life was an eventful one during his fifty years in which he resided on the Vancouver townsite. He had many thrilling experiences with Indians and trappers in the early days; he saw the first of the "old-timers" arrive, and knew by name many famous characters, the memory of whom has largely passed from the ken of present-day residents. Probably to a greater extent than any other resident of the Canadain West, he lived to enjoy the fruits of his days of pioneer labor, and to see his early prophecies fully justified.

Three Men and a Bear

THE SKIPPER, THE SCOUT AND THE SCRIBE GO A-HUNTING

By Alfred Hustwick

WE were sitting on the wharf at Naden whaling station, the Scout, the Skipper and I, watching two men at the boat-landing struggling with the carcass of a 300-pound black bear which they had brought back in a canoe from the woods at the upper end of the harbor. It was a September twilight, and a grey, chilly crepuscle at that, with the rain falling steadily on land and water and the sky prematurely darkened by the soiled woolly clouds which came out of the west in advance of the night. Under the sheltering bulk of a coal-bunker we smoked in silence and watched the returning Nimrods lash the legs of the fallen bear, slip a stout pole between them and, with much grunting and several narrow escapes from falling into the muddy water, finally win to the wharf with their burden.

There being then no danger that we would be called upon for assistance, we strolled over to the panting men and evinced warm interest in their day's adventures. We learned that they had shot the bear less than half a mile up a little river at the distant end of the harbor and made a hurried exit from the woods following the killing, because they had heard the noise of many other bears about them.

"Why didn't you stay and get some more?" was the very natural query which the Scout put to them.

"We got all we wanted, boss—and a little bit more," replied one of the hunters. "The woods is full of 'em—just alive with the brutes. We must have heard a hundred of them gruntin' and howlin' and crashin' through the woods. The daylight was goin', and as we didn't fancy a scrap with a whole army of bears, we beat it."

Back under the shelter of the bunker the Scout dilated upon bears and bear hunters. "That guy," he said, indicating the back of the supper-seeking woodsman, "isn't much of a hunter, anyway. To be a really first-class bear hunter requires four qualifications, and he lacks at least two of them."

Now, the Skipper and I really know more about fishing than the hunting game, so we pressed the Scout for an explanation. It was all ready to his tongue.

"You see," he said, "he must first of all have a good, tough physique; that's necessary for work in the woods, especially in the heavy timber country around here, where there are no trails and lots of windfalls. Then he must be courageous, ready to take chances, instead of running away from a few grunts. Not that you ever meet a hundred bears at once," he added, "the usual limit being three or four. Next he must be a good shot. Bears can smell pretty considerable and can hear about as well. They won't fight unless they think they're cornered, but, whether it's a case of getting them at long range or stopping them close at hand, a fellow has to be quick. It's often a case of either losing your bear or losing your life. The fourth quality is imagination, for use in telling stories only. Too much imagination in the woods is worse than too little in a hunting yarn."

The Skipper and myself agreed most heartily. The Scout was pleased at the impression he made, and continued.

"Those chaps have got the physique and the marksmanship, but they haven't got courage or imagination. Fancy telling us they ran away from bear grunts. A kid would be ashamed to confess it; and then handing us that stuff about the woods being full of bears. That's just falsehood of a very low order. It certainly isn't imagination of the proper kind, anyway."

After a hiatus in the conversation, the Skipper spoke. "Let's go after bear tomorrow," he suggested.

The Scout weighed the matter for sev-

eral seconds before replying. "We haven't got the necessary qualifications of which I spoke. Neither of you have had any experience, and I'm an invalid. Moreover, I'm shy on imagination."

I laughed immoderately. "Rats!" I said, thinking of the Scout's rapid recovery from a recent blasting accident, "you can stand a few hours in the timber as well as I can." (I was also recovering from a mishap.) "You can handle a rifle better than I can handle a pen. The Skipper has enough physique for both of us. The three of us can muster up the necessary courage; and as for imagination—well, what's the use of my newspaper training?"

Thus all possible objections were removed, and we rose early on the following morning. The Scout, of course, carried a full equipment—khaki suit, rifle, pocket compass, heavy boots and an automatic Colt revolver. The Skipper and myself, however, were as much undecided as to what we should wear as a couple of girls before a fancy dress ball. A heavy jersey, some old clothes and a pair of sea-boots finally found favor with the genial mariner, while I contented myself with a very old and dirty worsted suit, a light raincoat, a flannel shirt, a battered felt hat and a new pair of rubber thigh-boots, borrowed from the second mate, who also loaned me four pairs of thick woollen socks to pad out my feet to fit the boots. The Skipper secured a shotgun, there being no other rifle in those parts, saving that owned by the Scout. I borrowed a very ancient five-chambered revolver, somewhat rusty and of doubtful safety, but having a very encouraging feel about its worn butt. The Chief Engineer had a shotgun, but as he intended to follow us in a borrowed canoe to the head of the harbor, in the hope of securing some duck, he resisted all my efforts to beg, borrow or steal it.

Thus equipped we set off, after an early lunch, in a very substantial rowboat. Waffles, the ship's dog, occasioned us much delay at the outset. He was determined to accompany us, and in his delight splashed us plentifully with mud and water while we were hauling the boat down the slimy beach. We swore at him. He was tickled immensely and barked a chorus to our profanity. We threw stones and sticks at him and he retrieved them for us in great good humor. We would have clouted him with an oar, but he kept out of range. Finally, just as we were afloat, he came with a rush and landed on the Skipper's knees.

Now Waffles is a hobo of doubtful origin, with a very shady and mysterious past, but overflowing with geniality. We knew that his presence in the woods with us would scare every living thing for a mile around, and so, despite the piteous appeal of his innocent eyes, we heaved him overboard a hundred feet from shore. Having probably learned that persistence usually wins the day, he refused to go home and, barking and howling the while, paddled after us for fully half a mile. Then having been hit with an oar, blackguarded and insulted by all three of us, and finally threatened with murder, he turned shorewards and gave up the pursuit. We saw him, just as we rounded a little headland, sitting on the beach and gazing after us like a child kept at home by a cruel parent looks longingly after his chums on their joyful way to the swimming pool.

With the Skipper pulling stroke and I taking it very, very easy in the bow, we made good progress in the rain. I think I forgot to mention that it was raining when we set out, and that it had been raining for five days previously. It rains most of the time up in the north of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and nobody seems to notice it. Beyond wrapping the ammunition in a piece of old raincoat, we paid no attention to the humidity of the atmosphere.

As we turned the headland and lost sight of the smoky whaling station, with its rough, right-angled factory buildings and its barrel-covered wharf, we passed into the peace of the primitive. There was no wind stirring, and the rain-flecked water, guiltless of ripple and moved only by the invisible urge of the tide, stretched between the tree-smothered shores in a drab expanse, lit here and there by dull gleams of pearly grey. Above the pines and firs a faint vapor hung in the heavy air, and over all lay the downy pall of the clouds.

We steered for the river, on the banks of which the two hunters had shot their bear the day before. The Skipper had studied a chart of the harbor, and was full of information and instruction. He told

us that we must not take the boat very far up the stream, as the tide was on the turn and would, in a few hours, bare the mud and rocks for a quarter of a mile about the mouth of the river. So we ventured only a short distance up the shallows and then made the boat fast to a tree by a long painter. Then we paraded on the bank, and a queer trio we looked, with our odds and ends of clothing and our makeshift arsenal. I came in for considerable chaff on account of my rubber boots.

"Wait till you start climbing over tree-trunks and slipping down mossy banks in those things," the Scout warned me; "you'll find them anything but comfortable and as slippery as glass."

Since my feet and legs were very dry and comfortable in the much-maligned rubbers, I smiled a superior smile and waited. We found a bear trail right where we landed, and set off into the woods, with the Captain in the lead. So dense were the trees that the light was very dim below them, and so we climbed over windfalls, under windfalls and around windfalls, with every nerve on edge. So many traces of bear revealed themselves, such as fragments of salmon and deep pits, which evidently had been occupied by our quarries, that we did not know the moment when we would land into the friendly hug of the enemy. It's pretty hard to sit down at a typewriter and make the reader understand the feeling of creepiness which comes to one in the dense undergrowth when one's companions stop, lift their guns, cock their ears and say "Shish!" every two or three minutes. That's what the Scout and the Skipper did. We stumbled and fell, trying to follow that bear trail. We got soaked with water and covered with mud. Between trying to keep together, to read the sounds of the forest, and finding so many traces of bear, we became slightly nervous and stopped and listened whenever we thought anything moved in the immediate vicinity.

It may seem strange that we took this trail without knowing where it would land us, but there didn't seem anything else to do. We were looking for bear. This was a bear trail. Ergo, if we followed it we would find bear. Get lost? Oh, no! The Scout was an experienced hunter and had a compass. (He never took it out of the case all day.) And was not the Skipper an experienced navigator and an expert at "dead reckoning?" So we struggled on, I in the rear, fingering the revolver in my pocket and daring the bears to come on and be killed—by the Scout's rifle.

After fifteen minutes we emerged, breathless, on the banks of a stream. I say "a stream," and not "another stream," for it was the same one we had started from, and when we reached it we found our boat not thirty feet away! There were no recriminations and no repining. We were equally guilty and had suffered equally in getting nowhere. So we held a consultation and it was agreed that the Skipper should skirmish along the woods and shore to a little cove in the harbor while the Scout and I made our way upstream. The Skipper, having a shotgun, was to try for some ducks and geese, of which we had seen large numbers in the cove, while we were to look for bear.

For a few minutes after the Skipper had gone the Scout and I scrambled along the bank of the stream, but we soon found this exhausting, on account of the many huge trees which had been thrown by the gales of countless winters across our path. We waded a few shallows and crossed several bars of shingle, greatly to the consternation of the shoals of salmon which were working upstream to spawn and die. Watching the big pink and silver bodies of the fish as they struggled in the current and jumped desperately over the bars, I was filled with sympathy. I knew all about the pathetic return of the salmon to his own little native stream or river, and I wanted to assist the weaker wanderers which jumped past my knees and squirmed alongside my rubbers. If I remember rightly, I said something to this effect to the Scout, but he was not at all sympathetic. He requested me to "stop monkeying with the dam fish, and help pick up these cartridges." He had fallen off a slippery tree-trunk and spilled most of his ammunition.

Taking again to the woods, we followed the direction of the river by the simple method of never losing sight of it, and made good progress, in spite of the fact that the stream rose high above the general level of the ground, and here we were forced to strike off into the timber and un-

"THE WOODS ARE FULL OF 'EM." AN AFTERNOON'S SPORT.

dergrowth again. In a few minutes we found a couple of bear-pits and a smooth clearing amongst the tangle of fern and decaying branches. The Scout whispered to me that we were now on a sort of highway to which a number of trails converged, and that we would probably find our way to a favorite feeding-ground. He was right, for scarcely sixty seconds later we slipped down a gravelly slope and saw blue sky above us and the stream before us.

Suddenly the Scout grasped my arm and whispered hoarsely, "Over there, eating salmon, beauty, isn't it?" and then I saw my first bear at dinner. He was certainly a "beauty." He sat on a log which almost spanned the stream and fished salmon out of the water. I cursed the impulse which had led me to leave my camera behind. Any camera fiend will understand my feelings as I saw that picture and knew I couldn't get it.

The bear did not "sense" us, as we cowered behind some bushes sixty feet away from him. The scout delayed operations long enough for us to see him catch a salmon and rend its quivering body with teeth and claws. Then he raised his rifle, but as he was taking aim a piece of rotten branch, on which he had placed his right foot, gave way without warning. The gun discharged harmlessly in the air while he recovered his balance. The Scout cursed softly as he threw the breech and aimed again. I had expected to see the bear turn tail and run at the report, but he exhibited more surprise than alarm. Dropping his fish, he raised himself on his hind legs and looked at us for a few seconds in wonder, sniffing the while at the smoke which floated above us. Then he turned, with no great haste, however, evidently very loath to leave his meal. The Scout's second shot caught him in the shoulder, and he went into the water with a loud grunt and a splash.

"Now is your chance," said the Scout, as he slipped in a couple more cartridges. "I got him in the shoulder that time, but I don't want to waste any more shells trying to hit him in the water. You had better get across the stream and head him off. If he gets into his hole in the woods we will have a helluva time getting him out."

The bear, badly wounded though he was, was travelling shoreward at a pretty fast rate, dragging his left forelimb; but from where we stood it was a pretty hard job for the Scout to hit him. So I went valiantly across the stream on a bridge of huge, moss-covered logs and faced him as he crawled up the bank toward me. I had the Smith & Wesson ready for him, and "when I could spy the white of his eye I made the pistol crack." It cracked, and that was all. The spring was a senile affair, the hammer much worn, and the weapon altogether worthless. I found this out very quickly, and the knowledge made my heart beat quicker. The bear grunted and came on, and I panted and pulled the trigger without result.

Before I knew just what was wrong with the blamed thing I was backing along a log, with the bear after me. For all his wounded shoulder, he looked most formidable and unfriendly. So, still pulling the trigger and revolving the barrel of the gun, in the hope that a miracle would discharge one of the cartridges, I yelled to the Scout for assistance. "Hel-lup, hel-lup," I sang, in my thin tenor, "the gun won't work and the bear is almost on top of me. Fetch a policeman before he bites."

The Scout heard and understood. I saw his khaki figure struggling through the underbrush as he tracked me from the stream. "Catch," he commanded, "it won't go off until you drop the safety lock." The automatic Colt came hurtling through the air and I contrived to catch it. I had to, or the bear would have pretty soon caught me. The Scout couldn't hit him without hitting me. Bruin was almost on top of me, when I let him have a shot in his right eye. It didn't stop him, but it checked him enough for me to get a little further away. Then he came on again. I shot him in the neck, which made him grunt, but failed to finish him. Then I gave him four more shots, backing slowly before him, and afraid to leave the level surface of the log. When he finally rolled off the log I put two more shots into his head, wondering whether he was bullet-proof, and somewhat doubtful of my aim. He gave up the struggle, with a sigh like a donkey engine, turning his riddled head and his one remaining eye reproachfully upon me. I felt somewhat angry with myself. To be truthful, it was the first time I had ever shot or killed a living thing, and I felt sorry for the poor brute, who had struggled so gamely and died so miserably.

Despite my efforts to head him off, the bear was a good thirty feet into the woods, and half-way into a hole, before my last bullet stopped him. The Scout was in no condition to exert himself, and I knew that my own strength was not equal to getting the big black creature back to the stream. We sat down for a rest and a smoke, and decided that we would, as soon as we got our breath, go after the Skipper. Needless resolve. That worthy was already on his way upstream, alarmed by the fusilade of shots and apprehensive of our safety. The story of "a hundred bears in them there woods" spurred him to superhuman efforts, and he arrived in wonderfully quick time, holloaing to us as he came. Guided by our shouts, he found us calmly smoking and reloading our weapons, and his relief at finding us so was as sincere as his enthusiasm at our success was unbounded.

The Skipper and I took off our coats and hauled the bear to the bank of the stream. There we held council. "I have it," the Skipper announced, "we'll tow him downstream as far as the biggest windfall and then bring the boat up. The tide won't run out for a while, and there's quite a lot of water coming down on account of the rains."

So we two towed him, just as two little tugs hang on to the bows of a huge liner. In the swirling eddies he got away from us at times, but the Skipper, already soaked beyond caring, went in up to his shoulders and salved him. With much labor we got him to the windfall and brought the boat up. The Scout followed with our coats and guns and assisted us with many remarks of an insulting nature, which is the way of experts in most lines of business. (The Skipper got back at him coming south by tripping him up on navigation and seamanship, till the Scout looked as silly as a fish out of water.)

Once more afloat in our little craft, which was loaded to its gunwales by the dead weight of the bear, we were soon homeward bound. The Scout confessed that he was wet up to the waist, and the Skipper did not need to tell us that he was soaked to the skin. Thanks to my rubbers, I was the driest and most comfortable

of the trio and, remembering certain uncomplimentary remarks anent those rubbers, I told them so, not once but many times. Just before we cleared the mouth of the river we heard a couple of shots. "That's the Chief," said the Skipper, "he borrowed a canoe and followed us. I saw him trying to get a shot at ducks in the cove."

We came upon the Chief a little later and he rowed his canoe (it was fitted with oars and rowlocks) over to us. "What luck?" he enquired laconically. "A bear," said the Skipper. "Like hell," said the Chief. We invited him to look for himself. He was satisfied, almost enthusiastic, and he borrowed the Scout's rifle so that he could also get a bear. The Chief was a great hunter (he had often told me so) and I could not refuse him when he begged me to climb into the canoe and accompany him. It was my one mistake, the only thing which marred my day's sport. However, I left the Skipper and the Scout, both cold and shivering and anxious to get home, and made a very perilous exchange from the boat to the canoe. Just as I went to sit down in the stern of the canoe a wild yell from the Chief startled all of us. "Look out for the game," he shrieked appealingly and, turning to the sternsheet, I found that I had nearly sat on a duck. It wasn't much of a duck, not more than seven and a half inches long and not more than seven ounces in weight, but it was all the Chief had shot, and it was very dear to him. I held it up, a tiny, bedraggled bundle of wet feathers, for the Scout and the Skipper to inspect. They are not men of refinement, and they laughed loudly. I, wishing to spare the Chief's feelings, murmured something about "a fine duck" and wrapped it tenderly in a piece of wet newspaper which I found in the canoe. Before we parted from the boat the Skipper descried an eagle soaring high above us, and the Scout, always willing to display his prowess, threw himself back on the thwarts and brought the bird down in a jiffy. It was hit, as the Chief phrased, "in the wheelhouse," and came down in a sorry heap, turning over and over as it fell.

The Chief and I started upstream. I discovered that there was a hole as big as a twenty-five-cent piece in the bottom of the crazy little tub, through which the water spouted upward in a thin, geyser-like stream. "You'll find it nice work baling," said the Chief, "especially going home."

We returned to the place where the bear had been taken and sat and smoked for a couple of hours in the rain, waiting for a bear to show up. It was altogether improbable that any bears would come near the spot after our firing practice during the afternoon, and it was equally improbable that they would venture near us while we were filling the air with tobacco smoke. But the Chief was getting very wet, and the rain had not yet penetrated my clothes. So I waited for him to get tired and cold, knowing that I would be able to flaunt my superior toughness on the morrow. And so it happened. The Scout, the Chief and the Skipper woke up on the following morning with snuffling colds, while I, thanks to the much-criticised second mate's rubbers, was none the worse for my outing.

When the Chief and I finally abandoned our watching, we found the water in the stream very low, and had some trouble getting our canoe over the shallow spots. We went back to the whaling station at a snail's pace, the Chief being too tired to keep a good stroke and too stiff in the back to change places with me and do the baling while I rowed. So he stuck to the oars and watched my head bobbing up and down as I scooped canful after canful of water and threw it overside. The hole in the bottom grew momentarily larger, to my eyes, and the pain in my back grew worse and worse. To make things worse, the Chief was in a hilarious mood and would not row steadily. He would rest on his oars for two or three minutes at a time to tell me a funny story. He stopped rowing to light his pipe, and re-light it, a hundred times. He rested, and recited wretched verse; he sang snatches of comic songs; he talked fluently of beer, and engines, and bears, and all manner of irrelevant things. And all the time I baled desperately.

Night fell when we were only half-way back to supper and bed, and it took us fully two hours to make the six miles which intervened between the scene of our hunt and the station. I was very pleased to find the Chief with a cold in his head

and a grouch in his soul the following day.

The Skipper presented the bearskin to his wife, and I presented the eagle to a friend. The Skipper also presented the bearskin to four seafaring friends and a number of chance acquaintances, and it was only by strategy that his wife finally secured it. It was a fairly good skin, although it moulted considerably, as all skins do in the season when the bears live on salmon. The worst feature about it was the fact that there were eight bullet-holes in it about the head. That was my work, of course. My friend never got the eagle. He delayed his visit to the ship a day too long, and the Chinese cook threw the body of the bird into the harbor. It was six days old then and was beginning to complain of loneliness. He said it was turning the meat bad aboard the ship.

By the way, I take back what I said about imagination. I intended to make this story very thrilling by the process of "elaboration," as we call it on newspapers; but I have unconsciously told it just as it happened. Truth is stranger than fiction even if it isn't as interesting.

VANCOUVER has a birdman of her own, the most modern hall-mark of a first-rank city. Mr. W. M. Stark of Vancouver, who is giving frequent displays of his ability as an aviator at Minoru Park, learnt the art of flying at San Diego, California. Mr. Stark was also a pioneer motorist, having driven the first gasoline-propelled car in Vancouver as far back as 1901. He uses a biplane and holds the pilot's certificate of the American Aero Club. He has already taken up a passenger during one of his flights in Vancouver.

The Commercial Progress and Future of Victoria, British Columbia

By Ernest McGaffey

SOME cities are born great, others achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Victoria, B.C., Canada, belongs in the latter class. There was no particular flourish of trumpets when the Hudson's Bay Company established the trading post of Camosun, and for many and many years the repose of the settlement matched the sunshiny peace of the matchless climate. Nothing eventuated which bespoke any crisis. No lions (even of the mountain variety) whelped in the streets, and no stars shot madly from their spheres as betokening an occurrence out of the ordinary, in this birth of a bartering-spot for furs in the wilderness.

When the name Camosun slid gracefully from the stocks of history, and was re-christened "Victoria," a slight commercial tremor became apparent, but this subsided with the ripples caused by the launching of the new name.

Picture the early days in Victoria and you will have visions of the lotos-eaters, and an absence of the strenuous life. Yet even with this environment the germ of a great city was there.

The gold excitement of Leech River suddenly thronged the quiet streets with strange faces and eager, and by horse and foot the treasure-seeking strangers invaded the fastnesses of the island in search of the yellow metal. It was an invasion for a day, and almost as quickly as the tide of miners and prospectors flowed, it suddenly ebbed, and the silence was accentuated by the contrast. This was not Progress, but the fore-runner of Progress, which is curiosity.

Slowly and by almost imperceptible degrees the town began to advance in growth. People came drifting in from England, and found the climate superb and the angling and shooting excellent.

At Esquimault harbor the flags of the British navy and the red coats of the soldiers of the Empire were seen, and the gaiety of a garrison town was added to the stern dignity of the capital. Many a rout and dance was given in these days, terpsichorean festivities where

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Shouldering its way rudely among these scenes of merrymaking and studied courtesy came commerce, insisting on room for its ships, way for its merchants, places for its manufacturers. Docks were built, ships came to Victoria, business began to make itself known, and an era of development ensued. A real estate "boom" rose, flourished, and finally fell.

Then for a long time the city vegetated. The spirit of *laissez faire* had seemingly captured the entire community. Easy come, easy go! What was the use to hurry? Why work? Enjoy yourselves! A little fishing and shooting, a little dancing and afternoon tea, cricket, tennis, driving, amateur theatricals, a mild celebration on the principal holidays, some slight interest in the elections, but no real upward movement for the building of a city.

During this period other cities in the Pacific Northwest shot up with surprising rapidity. Victoria looked on with easy-going indifference. It seemed as though a singular torpor had seized hold of the civic faith and rendered it helpless. And yet with all of this apparent sloth and apathy, the germ of a great city was there.

Strangest of all was the utter incredulity of many of the citizens to the possibilities of Victoria as a metropolis. Some of them

BELMONT BUILDING, ROCK CUT

had been in the town for ten, twenty, thirty years, hardly going three miles from their door-steps. There had been no change to amount to anything in their time — why should a change ever come? Thus they reasoned, and numbers of them acted on this reasoning. Real estate was a drug on the market—as dead as poetry. Timber was unsalable. One little circle of merchants stuck doggedly to their desks, some of them branching out gradually, some of them laying the foundations for substantial fortunes. But rarely did any one of them sense the commercial future and importance of the Capital City.

An empire in wealth and commercial importance was bartered for a beggarly strip of some seventy-five miles of railway—a slice of the island exchanged for a road leading from Victoria to Nanaimo, by a Government which did not, and probably could not, foresee what a truly stupendous price it was paying for its toy.

Timber, the finest and most valuable in the world. Coal in almost incomputable areas. Agricultural land of immense value. Copper, iron, and other minerals of which the value even now cannot be estimated. Cement, sand, gravel, building rock, brick-clay and fire-clay, pulp woods, adjacent fisheries of enormous values—all this was comprised in this great belt of land which was turned over to the railway.

The Government did not want it, and for a while, neither did the railway. But the railway people woke up first.

Geographically the situation of the city was significant in the highest degree. Nearness to the Pacific, an almost utter absence of fog, a magnificent land-locked harbor at Esquimault, an inner harbor lacking only dredging and the removal of some rock obstructions to become a first-class moderate sized shipping harbor, and unsurpassed opportunities to build an outer harbor, all combined to give Victoria paramount advantages as a great shipping centre. Steadily, and in spite of everything, the Orient trade and the coastwise trade grew, and finally a steamship line of the first magnitude threw the initial bomb of progress into the city's camp of slumber by building in the capital the finest hotel in North America, and installing first-class vessels between Victoria and adjacent coast cities. The Canadian Pacific Steamship Company had come to town, and there was a fluttering in the dove-cotes of *dolce far niente*.

For awhile the old-timer was disturbed. But only for the moment. He communed with himself, milked the cow in his pasture-like back-yard, noted the Lethean calm of

YATES STREET

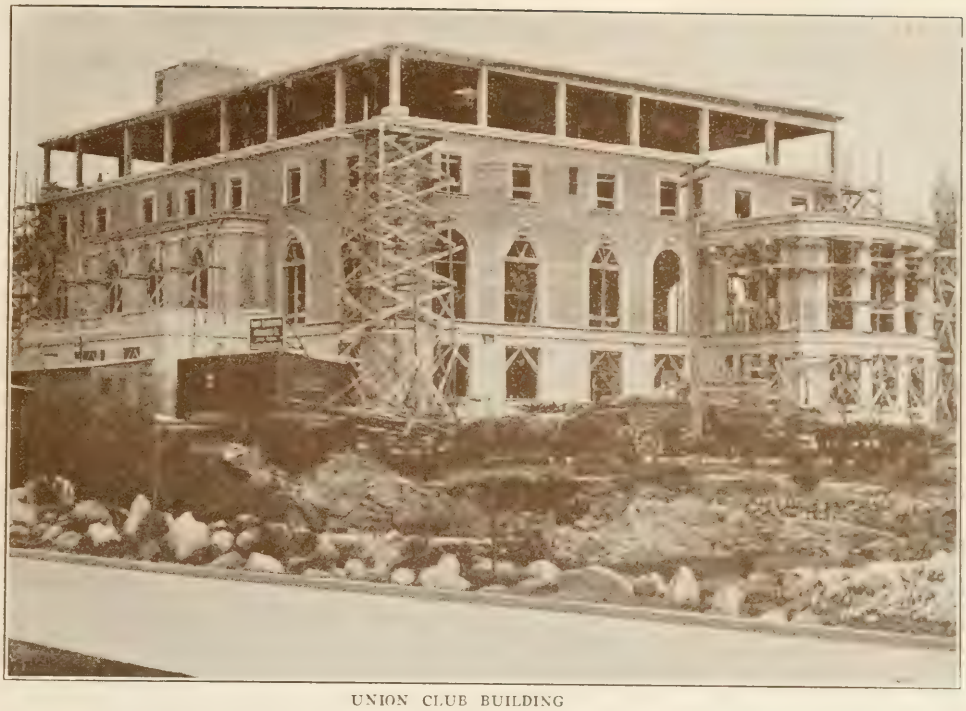
the streets, peered curiously at the imposing new hostelry, and murmured to himself, "Even this will pass away."

The old-timer has gone out with the tide. His street-corner forebodings are no longer listened to. His letters to the newspapers, whether warning, incredulous, denunciatory or despairing, and whether couched in the phraseology of "Pro Bono Publico," "Veritas," or "Fiat Justitia," are never read, except as a diversion. But the old-timer always had this sheet-anchor to cling to: it had never happened in his time, and why should it ever happen? But it happened, just the same. Anyone who has lived in Victoria for four, or even three years, can tell you that a mighty change has come over the city. He cannot tell you just when, and why and where and how the metamorphosis came about. But he can give you facts and absolutely accurate figures which tell in unmistakable detail that Victoria is growing and enlarging in every direction, that the sensation of one day is lost sight of in the event of the morrow, and that the progress of one month is overshadowed by the next, and that the commercial record of one year is dwarfed by the succeeding twelve-month.

There have always been a few resident optimists in the city, but they have been in a minority until of late. A number of the old-timers sold their real estate long ago for a song. Acre prices then, but front-foot prices now. The optimists are in the majority now. The pessimist is ploughing a lonely furrow.

Victoria and its environs has a population of about 63,000 people. Never mind the last alleged census. It is just putting the finishing touch on the largest street paving contract ever done in one letting, over thirty miles of street paving. Over fifty miles of cement sidewalk have been laid in the past two seasons, and authorized public improvements rose from two million dollars in 1910 to four million dollars in 1911. Twenty-six miles of modern boulevards have been built during 1910 and 1911, and the work of metropolitanizing the city goes gaily on in every direction.

Custom receipts have been steadily climbing from $1,638,175.17 in 1909 to $3,471,-619.47 in 1911. Tramway traffic has gone up 51 per cent. during the last year, and the three opening months for 1912 show a total of 776,390 more passengers carried than during the same months in 1911. Building permits have increased from 50 per cent. in 1909 over 1908 to 77 per cent. in 1911 over 1910. The months of January, February and March, 1912, show an increase over the same months during 1911



UNION CLUB BUILDING

of two million, three hundred and thirty-nine thousand, seven hundred and eighty-five dollars. Six, eight and ten-storey buildings of the latest modern type are going up all over the city and it is only necessary to take a short stroll around Victoria's business districts to realize what a marvellous change is taking place.

The tremendous impetus in the residence building line is another most significant trend of the present day in the Capital City. Permits for over $300,000 worth of residences were issued in one month, and the outlying districts of Oak Bay and Esquimault are resonant with the sound of hammer and saw on the new houses going up, and in every direction the voice of the trowel is heard in the land.

Such residential tracts as the famous Uplands property at Cadboro Bay and the B. C. Electric Company's subdivision beyond the Uplands go far ahead of ordinary computation and almost of comprehension. Miles and miles of magnificent oak-crowned hills looking seaward over the Juan de Fuca Straits, with the Olympics rising, snow-clad, over the intervening and sparkling blue waters—such scenes are better witnessed than described. These tracts will one day be the wonder of America as suburban home districts, since for situation and climate they cannot be duplicated on any continent.

Bank clearings, which indicate with unerring precision the state of the financial pulse, are an interesting study in the way of determining the business progress and commercial future of the city. In 1909 the bank clearings totalled the very considerable sum of $70,695,882. In 1910 the increase represented the significant sum of close to twenty-one million dollars, being in the total figures $91,567,074. In 1911 the increase was even more vitally suggestive, being some forty-three millions of dollars, or more than twice as much as the increase of 1910 over 1909. Totals for 1911, $134,929,916.

Now some things can be laid to chance, while other happenings can be definitely charged to progress. And of all the many concrete and indisputable facts showing the truly wonderful growth of Victoria, none is more fraught with prophecy than this very remarkable increase in two years of bank clearings, from seventy millions of dollars to one hundred and thirty-four millions of dollars, or the startling advance of sixty-four millions.

The number of vessels berthed at its outer harbor in 1911 was over 2500, with a tonnage of over three million

UNION BANK BUILDING

tons. The number of vessels berthed at its inner harbor in 1911 was over 3000, with a tonnage of over one and a half million tons. Both freight and passenger traffic have doubled in the last three years, and still the fleets are being added to, and still the traffic increases steadily and with irresistible strength and stability.

Her access to the Pacific Ocean is made easy through the straits of Juan de Fuca, and her advantages as a distributing centre are equal to any port now located on Canada's west coast, or which could be built on that coast. Her immunity in a very marked degree from fogs, her nearness to the ocean and safe passage thereto, her outer and inner harbors, including the famous Esquimault harbor, and the splendid additional outer harbor now being constructed by the Dominion Government at a cost of millions, will equip her for foreign and coast-wise traffic as hardly any other Western Canadian city can ever be equipped.

Both the insured and the insurers in the maritime world will find it cheaper to make Victoria a central Northwest Pacific Panama port, and this fact, in the last analysis, will determine the location. Five great trans-continental railways to make their last west terminals at Victoria tell the story of all-rail connection with every part of Canada and North America as nothing else could. The setting apart of one hundred and twelve acres of land in the very heart of the city for railway terminals by the Provincial Government (the entire former Songhees Reserve) is an epoch-making announcement in railway building in Canada. The Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Great Eastern and the Great Northern Railway lines make up the five systems which will need this vast area for terminal facilities, and which will come to Victoria on a through rail route across the Seymour Narrows bridge.

Vancouver Island's iron, the only large deposits located in the province, will eventually be manufactured into steel at Victoria

PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL

EMPRESS BUILDING

and shipped all over the world. Her dry docks and ship-building plants at Esquimault will in themselves build up a colossal business there. Manufacturers of many kinds will follow with all-rail service, and progress will be beyond the imagination of the oldest inhabitant.

The opening of the Panama Canal is going to enhance values to some rather dazzling figures. Vancouver Island has enough merchantable timber to cut one billion feet a year for one hundred years. Lumber will increase in value $8 per thousand feet when the canal opens. When the flags wave, the whistles blow, the cannon boom, the bells ring, the people shout, the orators spout and the dogs bark on that momentous occasion, Vancouver Island's timber will be worth eight hundred million dollars more than just before the Big Ditch was ready for business.

And Victoria will be the one particular port from where the lumber and the lumbering products will be distributed via the Panama Canal. Not that she will do all of the business, but that her advantages as a shipping port, already established by her present trade, and "signed, sealed and delivered" by the Dominion Government's action in the building of the splendid outer harbor, are so manifest that argument is unnecessary to fix her status as a world-port.

Another great avenue of industry in the years to come which will bring business to Victoria is agriculture, and her sister, horticulture. Close to the city are some of the finest farming lands in Canada. Land values are high, but intensive culture will pay, and pay well. Flower-growing and vegetables both in the open and under glass will be carried on even more extensively than has hitherto been dreamed of.

And so with all the essentials of a really great city surrounding and enveloping it; with the richest portion of North America in natural resources tributary to it; with a port designed by nature as a great ocean

P. R. BROWN BUILDING

BARQUE ELGINSHIRE LOADING 2,000,000 FEET OF LUMBER, INNER HARBOR, CANADIAN PACIFIC LUMBER COMPANY'S DOCKS

gateway; with a climate unsurpassed and unsurpassable; with timber, coal, iron, copper, fisheries, agriculture and horticulture; with a residential advantage beyond compare; there are myriad avenues for advancement and energy right at its doorway.

Victoria has come to stay. She is only just "arriving" so far as her future is concerned, but she is proceeding with sure steps and solid.

For the signs of the times are portentious, and coming events crowd swiftly to the fore. Capital is pouring into Canada, and into Victoria. And whether you sleep and dream, or whether you fling yourself manfully into the uplift and advancement of the days that are so pregnant with promise for the future—dreamer or fighter, you cannot help but admit that the beginning of a great city is in Victoria.

Courtesy "Victoria Real Estate Journal"

THE ENTRANCE TO CADBORO BAY, GLIMPSED THROUGH THE MAPLES AND OAKS OF UPLANDS

Ernest McGaffey.

OUR readers will be interested in the portrait of Mr. Ernest McGaffey that we are able to reproduce this month. His contributions to the magazine in prose and verse during the past have been amongst its most pleasant and attractive features. Mr. McGaffey is the secretary of the Vancouver Island League, and has done more than anyone else to originate and maintain the progressive movement that is evident in Victoria today. Before coming to this coast Mr. McGaffey enjoyed a wide reputation as an author, both in Canada and the United States. He is a great lover of the out-of-doors, an ideal quality in one occupied in making Vancouver Island better known, for within its boundaries are to be found all the essentials for the most ideal out-of-doors life in Canada. We congratulate the League on having Mr. McGaffey to look after their interests. There is no one better fitted for the work.

Is There a Coal Ring in British Columbia?

IN the April issue of this Magazine it was explained that owing to correspondence I was having with the Government at Ottawa my third article would be held over until this month.

I have now much pleasure in reproducing two letters bearing on that correspondence. The first is from the Hon. George E. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, and the other is from the Hon. T. W. Crothers, Minister of Labor. The latter was written to Mr. Foster and was forwarded to me.

Ottawa, April 12, 1912.

F. Penberthy, Esq.

Dear Sir:—As I informed you, I sent your letter to the Minister of Labor, and return you herewith an answer I have received from him, together with a copy of the Act.

If you wish to follow this matter further, it would be, I think, well for you to correspond with the Hon. T. W. Crothers himself, who could give you, much better than I can, any explanation you may require. Yours sincerely,

GEORGE E. FOSTER

Ottawa, April 9, 1912.

Dear Mr. Foster,

I have your note of the 5th, enclosing a letter from Mr. F. Penberthy, Acting-Editor of the *British Columbia Magazine,* Vancouver, and requesting an expression of view upon that portion of Mr. Penberthy's letter which deals with the coal situation in British Columbia. On the face of Mr. Penberthy's statement it looks as if the situation is one which the Combines Investigation Act is designed to meet, but, as you will remember, that is a matter on which the Government does not pass. The initial procedure looking to an investigation under the Combines Investigation Act must be taken by persons who believe that a combine injurious to the public interests exists. Action on the part of the Government is taken only when an order establishing a Board is received from the judge before whom the preliminary investigation is made.

I return herewith the letter from Mr. Penberthy, but if you wish I will have him written from this department, explaining the theory of the Combines Investigation Act.

Yours sincerely,

T. W. CROTHERS

Hon. George E. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce.

I will not make any comment on these letters at present. In our next issue I shall make a very interesting statement regarding the coal situation in British Columbia and suggest a method of dealing with it for the general good.

The following letter was sent to me from Merritt. I publish it in full. I also reproduce in facsimile a receipted invoice which was sent to me from Merritt some time ago, and which was one of the facts upon which I based my statements regarding the price of coal at that place.

With regard to the freight charges, I hope to say something further next month. They undoubtedly form an important factor in dealing with the high price of coal and the consequent check upon the development of trade in this province.

Merritt, B.C., April 12, 1912.

Your article in the March number of the *B. C. Magazine* has a statement which I cannot allow to go unchallenged.

Regarding the letter from "Merritt Citizen," claiming to have paid $13.00 for two tons of coal, etc.—the party who wrote this letter evidently is mistaken in amount of coal he received, or wilfully mis-stating the truth. To show he is in error, let me quote the local prices for coal at the mine and teaming to any part of Merritt:

Lump	$4.50 per ton
Nut	$3.75 to $4.00 per ton
Mine run	$3.00 per ton
Screening	$1.50 to $2.00 per ton

Teaming, $1.00 per ton. (Not less than two tons to a load.)

Mind you, I am quoting the highest prices ever charged.

You ask the question, "Is there a coal ring?" I say emphatically NO, as regards the Nicola Valley coal field, and I speak authoritatively concerning this field as I myself own a half interest in 786 acres of coal lands in this district. We have held up development until such time as it will pay to produce coal in this district. And this after a very exhaustive investigation as to freight rates, markets, conditions, etc., usually to be contended with in the production of coal.

The real fact that keeps our coal from being marketed in Vancouver is the high freight rate. Consider for a moment the following rate of $1.80 per ton to Vancouver, and add thereto $1.90, cost of production—which is higher per ton here than on the Island—and you can readily see it is impossible to compete with Island coal. Lower freight rates mean cheaper coal for Vancouver. If the Vancouver Board of Trade would assist the Nicola Valley mines in obtaining a reasonable rate on coal, I don't doubt for a moment that coal in Vancouver would be cheaper by quite a margin. Mind you, the coal of the Nicola Valley coal fields is shown by actual test to be as good in heating value as Island coal.

Not only is this coal field held up by high freight rates to Vancouver, but also to other points. For instance:

Savona	$1.60 per ton
Revelstoke	$3.20 per ton
Sumas Junction	$2.20 per ton
Spence's Bridge (40-mile haul)	$1.60 per ton

And to think these rates exist after the Government has subsidized the C. P. R. to the extent of $10,000 per mile to build this branch in order to open the coal field. What is the sense in subsidizing railroads, when, after they are built, the public is held up?

I am sure your investigation will bear splendid fruit—good work always does.

MERRITT, B. C. Nov 22nd 1911

Mr. _____

RECEIVED DEC 16 1911

IN ACCOUNT WITH D. L. MUNRO

DRAYING TRUCKING

Nov. 29 To 2 tons lump coal @ 13.00

Rec'd Payment with thanks Dec 15th 11.
D. L. Munro
Per C.

THE ABOVE IS A FACSIMILE OF AN INVOICE SENT TO MR. PLEDERTH FROM MERRITT SOME TIME AGO. WE DO NOT SUGGEST THAT MR. MUNRO BELONGS TO A COAL RING, BUT SIMPLY PUBLISH IT AS A PIECE OF EVIDENCE THAT HAS BEEN SUBMITTED TO US.

Editorial Comment

AGRICULTURAL CREATIONS

THE experiments carried out under the United States Government's policy of introducing seeds and plants from other countries and trying to cultivate them in varying soils and under varying conditions has proved remarkably successful. It had been demonstrated during the fourteen years' experiment that many palatable fruits and vegetables of other countries could be cultivated on American soil.

The Department of Agriculture in undertaking these experiments had made a new departure which was daily proving highly satisfactory. In other countries where this kind of work has been entered upon, the custom has always been to devote one section of one or two of the principal cities, in the shape of botanic gardens, to the cultivation of these foreign plants. But here the whole country has been treated as a great arboretum and testing grounds, and sufficient quantities of seeds and plants have been distributed to special experimenters to ensure the discovery of the region best adapted to cultivation.

Each of these imported plants and seedlings has been carefully inventoried and numbered, and this information, together with a record of where it is found, and when and by whom collected, is on file at every agricultural library in the country. This inventory started as far back as 1898, and contains a mass of original observations made by trained explorers in foreign countries regarding the plant industries of these various regions. In this way much that is valuable has been learned concerning the 30,000 varieties experimented with. For instance, many interesting details are on record as to the best methods of packing and shipping, the easiest methods of note-taking, and surest methods of ascertaining whether the new seeds or plants are clean of weeds or insect enemies.

In order more efficiently to deal with this work, a photographic atelier was established for the sole purpose of keeping a photographic record of the new plants and their behavior. This motley collection has now reached the proportion of 10,000 photographs, which comprise both home and foreign subjects.

In the work of identification a general knowledge of the agriculture of other countries, sent in by explorers, and the seed collection of the office, growing at the rate of 1000 or 2000 specimens each year, have already proved of great value.

Another interesting innovation about to be introduced by this enterprising department is a new method of labelling plants. Each new plant sent out during the coming year will have a permanent label affixed to it bearing a fifty-word description of the value and requirements of the plant. Thus the labor of experimenters will be minimized, for instead of having to refer to libraries and books of reference for the information they need, it will be always at hand.

All over the country thousands of experimenters are carefully watching with critical attention the new immigrants, not because the plants are of great value, but simply because they enjoy experimenting with them.

Date cultivation has advanced by leaps and bounds, and is beginning to provide commercial speculations. The crop this year from the government and private gardens has amounted to many tons of dates, the best of which have been purchased locally at fancy prices.

The cultivation of durum wheat has proved of immense value. Although unknown in 1898, it is now being grown in districts where ordinary wheat will not thrive, and brings to the growers many millions of dollars over and above what they could reasonably expect from growing other crops.

The new root crop, dasheen, has also met with unqualified success. This plant contains ten per cent. more protein and half again as much starch as the potato, and can be grown where the potato does not do well. It is a large yielder, and produces crops where there are no potatoes in the local markets.

In North Florida and Louisiana, Japanese bamboo now flourishes successfully, and in Texas the Indian variety has found suitable conditions.

The Tamopan persimmon, of North China, brought in by Mr. Meyer, has now been propagated for small orchard plantings in the southern states. Professor Sargant predicted several years ago that this would be worth half a million dollars to the country if introduced and grown extensively.

Many other important experiments are being undertaken with fruits, nuts, and vegetables of all kinds, among the latter being the Japanese udo, aralia, and cordata, which is as easily grown as asparagus and is as characteristic in its flavor as celery or rhubarb.

* * *

A NEW WORD

A CORRESPONDENT has asked me the meaning of the word *syndicalism,* which has infected the European press and is now beginning to bob up in the columns of our Canadian newspapers.

I find this curiosity regarding the word is general amongst newspaper readers. It is not surprising, because it is, I suppose,

the fact that not one "syndicalist" in a thousand knows that the new word which appears with such irritating frequency in his favorite paper applies to him.

Like *sabotage*, another word which is popular with the I. W. W. street-corner orator, who invariably mispronounces it, *syndicalism* is borrowed from the French.

The French term for trade union is *syndicat ouvrier*. *Syndical* is the adjectival form of *syndicat*. Literally translated into English, *syndicalisme* becomes "unionism." The latter word, however, has a general meaning, and *syndicalism* is a word newly coined to signify a special form of trade union activity. Not all trade unionists are *syndicalists*. The *syndicalists* are the most active and aggressive section of trade unionists. They are the extremists whose doctrines have caused them to be wrongly dubbed socialists by their fellows, for want of a better word. The *syndicalists* are in revolt against the political socialists who strive to dominate trade unionism.

Syndicalism has been put clearly and briefly as the determination of the unions to control their own destiny. "Its aim is to hand over the means of production and distribution to the trade unions, whose members now operate them, so that each union will control its own means of livelihood in the common interest, and the workmen will become their own employers, thus securing the whole product for themselves."

It is a kind of narrowed socialism, which instead of preaching the emancipation of labor for the benefit of all and sundry, preaches emancipation of the unions *by* the unions *for* the unions, and to hell with non-unionists.

Contrary to assertions I have read in more than one Canadian paper, the polyglot organization of arrogant loafers calling themselves the Industrial Workers of the World are not *syndicalists*.

They work from without, and prey on the underdeveloped and uneducated minds of unskilled laborers wherever they find them, for the benefit of the pockets of the officials and soap-box orators of the organization.

They are like the black and slimy bog that sometimes creeps slowly over the face of some parts of Ireland, following the path of least resistance, and engulfing the smiling meadows in its loathsome mess.

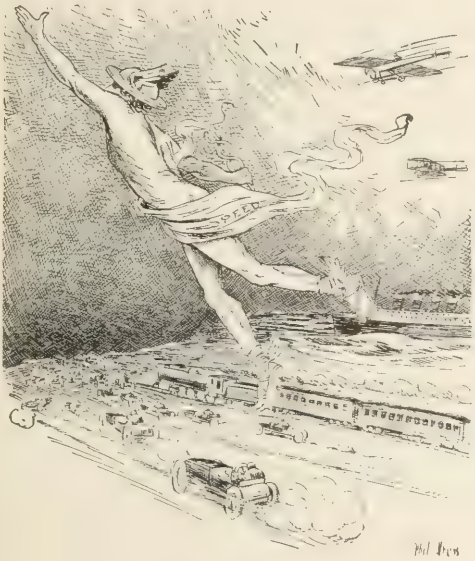
The *syndicalists,* on the other hand, are like the crew of a bright steel battering-ram, making stubbornly for a definite objective and returning with renewed force after every rebuff.

The I. W. W. should be scraped contemptuously off our body politic, like the unsightly barnacle from a ship. The *syndicalists* will have to be cut out from within us like an appendix, by means of a difficult and dangerous operation.

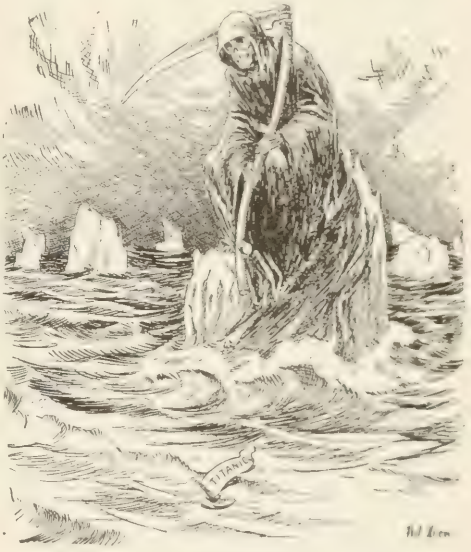
THE DICTATOR
—Toronto Telegram.

MAKING THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

Nightmare of Liberal Senator who helped to throw out appropriation for good roads.
—McConnell, in Toronto Daily News



THE DESTROYING ANGEL
Phil Drew, in Vancouver Daily Province



ICEBERGS
Phil Drew, in Vancouver Daily Province

FUNNY WHAT DIFFERENCE A FEW MONTHS MAKE
Palmer, in Vancouver World

WOW !
Uncle Sam's Kilkenny Cats
Racey, in Montreal Star

Modern Warfare

By W. K. McCLURE

We suppose the majority of people in these days form their opinions on war during times of peace. A public that is fed upon figures giving the dimensions and number of the Dreadnoughts owned by Britain or Germany or the comparative numbers of soldiers that can be delivered f.o.b. the enemies' country by voluntary enlistment or conscription naturally develops the habit of thinking very abstractly of war. It is in the light of these abstractions that many of our modern advocates both of peace and war approach the subject, and they continue to merrily fight our battles or to disarm the powers on squared paper. We do not publish the following statements of a British eye-witness at Tripoli from any desire to make your flesh creep; neither do we intend to introduce any *ex parte* comment on the actions of Turkey or Italy: we only wish to correct the perspective of certain long-distance observers, peaceful and otherwise, who apparently take it for granted that modern warfare consists of intervals of scientific and almost painless slaughter, alternating with intervals for reverently burying the dead or hurrying the wounded into the midst of twentieth century marvels of antiseptic surgery. The fact that such unspeakable horrors have taken place at the very doors of civilized Europe in a war in which aeroplanes, dirigibles and every modern weapon has been employed should give us food for thought. Can a "gentlemen's" agreement for universal disarmament be considered feasible as long as one or the other of the protaganists in modern war can be capable of savagery that was not surpassed during the Crusades? England may be called upon at any time to fight savages in many corners of her wide possessions. Germany, Portugal, Belgium and France may find it necessary to discipline their subjects in untamed corners of Africa. The United States has experienced the savage methods of the Filipinos, and more recently we have heard rumors of gruesome incidents in connection with the revolution in China. Let us theorise by all means about universal peace, but let us also remember to proceed from the known to the unknown.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

AT 4.30 the 50th Regiment, having performed its duty, was withdrawn from its position in the desert to within the Italian trenches. Here an unfortunate incident occurred. When firing had ceased and the troops were retiring, a body of medical corps and ambulance men were sent forward under the Red Cross flag to carry away the wounded. They were met by a heavy fire from the Turkish regulars, and suffered considerably. I am informed that this matter is to be made the subject of a formal protest by the Italian Government.

* * * *

On the morning of November 27 I was proceeding to El Hanni with Mr. Bennett Burleigh of the *Daily Telegraph* and Mr. Sherwood Spencer of the *New York Herald*, when we met General Frugoni and his staff, returning from an inspection of the new lines. As we passed, an aide-de-camp turned aside and asked us to go to a garden behind the grenadier lines to the left of El Hanni. He told us that three bodies had just been found, one crucified, one slit open and shockingly mutilated, one practically cut to pieces. The bodies were buried by the time we reached the place, but the marks of the crucifixion were still visible on the wall of the garden, and near at hand still lay the body of an Arab or Moorish boy of 12 or 14, his hands and feet pierced. Perhaps he had been condemned as a spy. Perhaps he had merely been the servant of the white men. But he had been crucified and left to rot with the soldiers.

The same afternoon a rumor reached the town that many more mutilated bodies had been found. By the evening the report was officially confirmed, and it was decided that the bodies should be left a little longer unburied, in order that foreign correspondents might have the chance of reporting on the mutilations.

On the morning of the 28th Mr. Burleigh, Mr. Spencer and myself went out early to the point indicated to us, a house and garden, about half a mile to the north

of El Hanni, quite near where we had been the day before. The place had been used as a *posto di medicazione,* or advance field hospital, by the 2nd Batt. 11th Bersaglieri, on and up to October 23. A little later we were joined by Mr. W. F. Riley, the local correspondent of the *Times* and the *Daily Mail,* and we examined the scene together.

In the house itself we saw five bodies, all mutilated. One of these, identified in our presence as a stretcher-bearer of the 6th Co., had clearly been crucified. His feet were crossed and his arms extended and there were holes in both hands and feet. His eye-balls seemed to have been threaded laterally with thick, rough twine, and his eye-lids were stitched in such a way as to keep them open. It was perfectly clear that he had been tortured when he was alive. This ghastly business of the eyes was never perpetrated upon a dead man.

In the garden I counted seventeen bodies, all nearly naked, all mutilated. One had been literally cut to pieces, one had been impaled, one had been crucified, with the cross-piece, a palm branch, thrust through the muscles of his neck. There were more bodies, for some lay heaped in a pit, and I counted only those on the top. I was told by a Red Cross officer that there were twenty bodies in the pit, making a total of 34. According to my information, all the bodies found were either members of the Corpo Sanitario Medicale (the equivalent of the R. A. M. C.), or else wounded soldiers. One body was still clothed in a tunic with the Red Cross badge on the sleeve. Another has been identified as that of the surgeon-lieutenant in charge of the hospital.

Italians are now learning for the first time what it is to fight the Arab, or any savage Moslem. Mutilation of the dreadful type that I have seen with my own eyes is a thing that lies within the experience of very many Englishmen, of all who have fought in the Soudan or on the Indian frontier. It has been alleged that the Arabs did not mutilate until they had been roused by the "atrocities" perpetrated by the Italians. The suggestion is ridiculous. It is the habit of Arabs to mutilate, as we know to our cost, and if definite proof is needed, I refer all doubters to the statement of Captain Sereno of the 4th Co. 11th Bersaglieri, who discovered some of his men, mutilated in the manner I have described to you in detail, on the night of October 23-4, before the Italians had begun their clearance of the oasis, or any of their methods of repression. The original of this, and other similar depositions, is at Rome, but I have myself seen the official note on the subject.

During the ten days I have been in Tripoli I have consulted all available sources regarding the events of October 23-27. The conclusions I have come to are these:

1. That the measures taken by the Italians were undoubtedly very severe.

2. That the provocation received was extreme, and the situation critical.

3. That there were some instances of excesses.

4. That the accounts of some correspondents, notably Reuter's and Mr. McCullogh of the *N. Y. World,* are astonishingly one-sided in attitude and gravely inaccurate in detail.

On the morning of Tuesday, November 28, we visited an Arab house and garden (situated about half a mile north of the mosque of El Hanni, on the S. road), which was used as a field hospital by the 2nd Batt. of the 11th Bersaglieri during the fighting on October 23-27. In the house were five bodies. One has been identified as that of Surgeon-Lieutenant De Murtos. This corpse was found lying face downwards stripped except for a shirt. Another body was identified by means of a pouch as that of Guiseppe Libello, a stretcher-bearer attached to the 6th Co. His feet were crossed and his arms extended, and there were holes in both his hands and feet; he had evidently been crucified. His eye-balls were threaded through laterally with thick palm twine, and his eye-lids were stitched so as to keep his eyes open.

A Russian View

By BORIS BERLIAND

FOR some time, and especially from the moment the trains carrying the English delegation to Russia left Victoria station, my attention has been seriously directed to finding out the following solution: "Was this visit of English delegates popular or not?"

Watching carefully the continental papers and Russian reports regarding the matter, I came to the conclusion that the visit to Russia was unpopular on the Continent as well as in England. Let me explain the reason why, for us as Russians, this visit was very undesirable, especially in view of the composition of the deputation, and at the same time endeavor to reply to various criticisms and views that have appeared in the London daily papers. One writer expressed the view that it was extremely unfortunate that the party did not include the Speaker, and that probably it just wanted the presence of this gentleman to make the party representative.

This statement, however, practically amounts to a misrepresentation. To us Russians the fact that those English delegates, who were returning a visit to the members of the Russian Duma, were practically chosen by the Russian Government rather than by the English, coupled with the magnificence of their reception and entertainment, are facts that speak for themselves. The fact that this deputation was so arranged as to exclude all those who had ever criticised the inhuman action of the Russian Government speaks most eloquently and significantly.

An opinion is also held that the time for this visit was most inopportune.

Let us refresh our memories by recalling the two great events which took place a little time before the deputation started for Russia. One will remember that these two great events were: (1) Russia's assaults on the national independence and freedom of Persia, and (2) Russia's action in Mongolia.

For us Russians who are struggling not only for political freedom, but also for social justice and social democracy, the struggle of the Persian people for independence and liberal institutions was deeply appreciated. This people showed signs of resurrection. They established a parliament and tried their best to reform their country. Then a Russian colonel, Liashow, surrounded the Persian parliament with his cannons and Cossacks, shelled it and destroyed the Persian liberties, and at the last we saw Northern Persia overrun by Russian troops and martial law, merciless and murderous, established with the most cynical disregard of justice.

And England who hitherto has always spoken out for the oppressed, England who in 1907 made a solemn covenant with Russia, mutually agreeing to respect the integrity and independence of Persia, broke her agreement to the Persian people and kept silent, or rather, too courteously abstained from meddling. Nor is this all. China weakened and troubled, China struggling to be free (a splendid opportunity for Russia to interfere), Russia cast covetous eyes on and occupied Mongolia. And this was done while there was an Anglo-Japanese Alliance, renewed only in 1911, and a Treaty of Peace between Japan and Russia, which contained the assurance of the independence and the integrity of the Chinese Empire, the recognition of the principle of equal opportunities for all nations in China and the definition of the *status quo* in Manchuria. Again we had an instance of the courtesy of the English Government, who abstained from meddling. Such is the result of the unnatural agreement between constitutional England and autocratic Russia, and under such circumstances we have seen the English deputation accepting the hospitality of the Csar and conveying to him assurances of the approval and goodwill of the English people. This attitude in connection with the visit to Russia was very surprising and painful for the Russians, although we can take it for granted that the Russian people and society are most anxious for the increase of English influence on Russian politics.

What, however, could be expected from a deputation from which all persons who have publicly criticised the most dastardly character of the acts of the Russian govern-

ment were excluded? Assuredly not very much in view of the fact that no political rapproachment will take place.

Russian bureaucracy understands perfectly well that the natural and political rapproachment between the two countries means perhaps the end of Russian bureaucracy, and therefore they are afraid of England.

Proceeding along this line of argument it surely follows that to such a visit we could not attach much importance, although as true friends of humanity we should heartily rejoice at the visit of real representatives of the English people, as surely the better knowledge of our nation and a personal friendly intercourse would produce good results.

But may it be allowed to ask now, when the visit is over and the deputation back in England, what is the result of this visit? Surely that apart from the dazzling receptions, magnificent apartments, reception at Tzarskoe Selo, banquets, etc., there is nothing important which would satisfy the Russian people as if the deputation had been composed of real representatives of the English people, who would not have been afraid of expressing their wish that the time has already come to stop the enormous number of executions and the illegal torturing of many thousands of men and women now in our prisons.

And so long as the members of the deputation conveyed to the Czar the goodwill of the English people, tendered to him the sympathy of England for striking a blow at the integrity and independence of two nations at the very moment they were struggling for freedom, so long will the Russians regard this visit very gloomily and ironically.

London, April, 1912

A SCENE IN STRATHCONA PARK, VANCOUVER ISLAND

British Columbia and Her Imperial Outlook

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE, LONDON

By Frank B. Vrooman, F.R.G.S., Etc.

(*Continued from Page 321, April issue*)

OVER and above all this, Japan is pursuing an unreasonable programme, and plainly it is one we cannot accept. Not satisfied with having absorbed the whole Western civilization, which she has had no part in creating, and which she is using to drive the Westerner out of Asia, she now crosses the Pacific and demands on our own shores what she denies us on her own. She is working feverishly towards a policy of Pan-Asiatic imperialism and exclusion, while she is laying claim to equal rights with the white man in his own white world. She has decided that white competition shall be driven out of Asia and off the Pacific, and she has already driven the yellow wedge in many places into the American hemisphere from Alaska to Cape Horn. She denies all foreigners to rights of land tenure in Japan, and yet she demands the right of the Japanese to own land on the Western hemisphere, and they do own already large tracts of the best land on the North American continent. Allowing neither an American nor Canadian to own an acre of soil in the Japanese empire, except possibly in a restricted way in a few treaty ports, she demands that the vast areas of opportunity on the Western hemisphere shall be thrown wide open to Japanese pre-emption and colonization. While Japan is crowding every white man, as far as possible, and every white interest, off the continent of Asia and the islands of her empire, she unreasonably proposes, whether we will or no, to take the ground we walk on, the fields we till, the waters we fish, the mines we dig, the forests we cut, and the very earth in which we bury our dead. Japan will not allow a foreigner to own or even work a mine in Japan, but she unreasonably demands for the Japanese the right to work in the mines and to own and exploit the mines of Canada and the United States, one small syndicate of coolies having now possession of a copper mine in British Columbia worth nearly a million pounds. She allows no foreigners to engage in fisheries in Japanese waters, but she demands the right of the Japanese to fish in American and Canadian waters, and, as a consequence, all the fisheries of British Columbia, which are 30 per cent. of the fisheries of Canada, which are the largest and most profitable in the world, are now wholly in Japanese hands, yielding 10,500 Japanese laborers from £100 to £600 a year apiece, the most of which is sent in cash to Japan, and alienated from the British Empire for ever. It is a well-known fact that Japan will not tolerate our workmen on her soil, except those skilled laborers we have been simple enough to send over to teach Japanese coolies how to make goods cheaper than we can make them. There is not a nation in the world which would resent more quickly and more efficiently any such sweeping influx of foreigners as she demands that we gracefully accept from her; but she continues to pour cheap labor into the Western hemisphere, and proceeds to raise a hue and cry if we object, notwithstanding the fact that wherever the Japanese labor market is congested—and that is everywhere in Japan—she does not hesitate a moment to exclude the element so undesirable. She does this in the interests of the Japanese, and frankly states it. But if another nation, in its own interest, declines Japanese labor, Japan objects, with

a half-veiled threat of an arbitrament of arms. Japan is gradually taxing, or legislating, or expropriating every Western interest out of Japan, Korea and Manchuria, and as far as possible out of China, but she demands equal rights and opportunities for the Japanese workman, merchant, financier, farmer, in the business opportunities and potential wealth of the New World; and more—those safeguards and protections which the Japanese themselves cannot grant to their own people on their own soil—equal rights in the privileges of an Anglo-Saxon democracy. If Japan wants something on the American continent, Canada and the United States must give it. If Canada and the United States want something in Japan, Korea or Manchuria, it is inimical to the interests of Japan, and they cannot have it. Whatever is prejudicial to the interests or the pride of Japan must be yielded by Canadians and Americans. Whatever is prejudicial to the interests of Americans and Canadians must be accepted, because of the imperious demands of Japanese pride and national interest and the power of Japanese warships. If any foreign people want equal rights and opportunities, economic or political, in the Japanese empire, Japan utters an emphatic and peremptory "No." But if Canada and the United States dare indulge the desire to refuse to share their incomparable heritage with the impecunious and appalling overflow of Oriental millions, Japan says to us, "Come, now, this is none of your affair. We will legislate on this subject in Tokio, and our legislators shall decide how much of your homeland and your vast wealth we want and how much we propose to have. You shall have nothing to say further than is compatible with our interests and our dignity as a State, and we are putting half of our imperial budget, which is mostly your money, and as much more of your money as you are simple enough to loan us, into the cunning instruments of destruction you have been good enough to show us how to make, and furnish the capital to make them, and it is with these we will show you how it will be brought to pass."

Lo and behold, peoples of the British stock, to Japan belongs the exclusive policy of exclusion!

Seriously, is it not time we stopped this nonsense? Really, it is quite unreasonable, and it is not a fair proposition. But it will not be stopped by Natal Acts, nor by the patriotic selfishness of London financiers, or British Columbia corporations willing to sell the empire of the future for the cheaper labor of today. There is, however, a remedial measure which, so far as I know, has been entirely overlooked. I have never heard it even suggested. It is so simple and so obvious that it is worth a trial, and that now. Let the Anglo-Saxon peoples adopt the whole Japanese policy of exclusion. Let Canada and Australasia and the United States, as regards the disabilities of foreigners, *re-enact the laws of Japan.*

At this point we must give at least some notice to two great principles which, if time permitted, I should discuss more fully.

We must fill up the empty areas of Anglo-Saxon pre-emption.

We must command, once more, the Pacific Ocean. That means we must have, once more, a world navy.

It seems imperative that these two measures be adopted at once as non-partisan, patriotic measures of Imperial politics. Filling an Empire, as well as defending an Empire, is the duty, and should be the policy, of Empire.

An Imperial policy of migration is one of the next duties of Westminster, because it is one of the most urgent needs of the British race. The hit-or-miss methods we have been pursuing are wholly inadequate to meet the crisis at hand. So far, so good. To be sure, something is better than nothing, but if we think imperially we cannot think in terms of *laissez-faire.* A real Imperialism means, if anything, a planning and ruling mind. It may be the corporate, social, ruling mind of the race, but it must be rational and constructive—and it must *rule.* Here is the plain situation. If you do not fill up your colonies, and yourselves develop their resources, they are lost, and if they are lost, you are lost. You cannot fill up these colonies by telling the helpless individuals who belong to our race and blood, and who so deeply need what we have to offer them, to pull themselves up by their boot-straps. An Imperial policy must recognize the obvious solution of two great problems, the one at home and the other abroad, by relieving the congestion of humanity here to

occupy and utilize the wasting opportunity yonder.

Colonies and Nature are alike in this—that both abhor a vacuum. If the West does not move into Canada, the East will. If Asia continues to move into the Pacific littoral of the American hemisphere, as Asia is and has been doing, and if we who now hold the field do nothing in a large and efficient way—an Imperial way—to occupy and develop it, then it is apparent that it is the manifest destiny of the Oriental peoples to widen the yellow zone around the Pacific Ocean until the last greatest ocean is a yellow sea.

For some years I have been making a study of Canada, north and west, with its resources, and especially its economic geography—which means, of course, a study of the land with reference to its human interest. I am trying to find out what this country may mean to our race in its future development. In a series of lectures which I have given elsewhere on this subject I have embodied a study of the country on a basis of the growing of wheat. While all the known data are very few, and those published are much fewer, and my results, therefore, are, and must be, more or less of approximations, the general possibilities of the newer parts of Canada show some startling figures. Leaving out the maritime provinces and the older settled portions of Quebec and Ontario, and, roughly speaking, taking the great clay belt in Northern Quebec and Ontario, whose waters flow into Hudson Bay, or roughly approximating the area of the ancient Laurentian plateau and all of Canada west of Hudson Bay, I made a study of the prevailing climatic conditions and the nature of the soil, first from my own personal observations extended through the Canadian sub-Arctic beyond the frontier, and supplemented by a consideration of all the authentic sources of information known to me from travellers, traders, Hudson Bay employees and North-west Mounted Policemen, together with the principal libraries of Great Britain and Canada, and the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., but more than all else from the records of the splendid corps of scientists and experts operating under the auspices of the Canadian Geological Survey—I have come to the deliberate conclusion that Canada, north and west, as I have described it, contains an area of arable land, reckoned on a wheat-growing basis, with a wheat climate, which will fall not far under an area twice as large as that which furnishes all the wheat grown in the world today.

There are other cereals which may be grown several degrees farther north than wheat, and the root crops may be grown still farther north, so that the agricultural possibilities of the great Dominion are by no means confined to this area of arable land of something like five hundred million acres.

A very large proportion of this vast domain is entirely empty and wholly undeveloped, and some of it unexplored. The question for the British people to decide—and it must be decided pretty soon, and I take it this Institute will have much to say in the decision—is whether this last great opportunity of the Anglo-Saxon race shall be occupied by an Anglo-Saxon civilization, or be overrun with the hordes of alien and unassimilable peoples. The problem of the white or yellow occupation of Western Canada is both a local and Imperial question. In its local aspect in British Columbia it is a vital one, for we are now face to face with the possibility of being completely overwhelmed by the innumerable surpluses of Asia's billion of people, which, more and more, with their own awakening powers and ambitions and knowledge of the wealth to be acquired abroad and, incidentally, starvation to be avoided at home, are bound to pour out in increasing numbers to encroach upon the empty places of the earth. It is rather an easy matter for the unthinking to settle off-hand those questions which grow out of the alien occupation of some part of the Empire, six thousand miles away from the seat of government; but when everything has been said, one fundamental principle remains, and must remain as the basis of every political arrangement, and that is that the people of any part of the Empire—such as British Columbia, or South Africa, or Australia—will have to settle the matter as to who shall and who shall not be admitted to share the riches and blessings of their home domain, and that on the basis of the indisputable right of self-defence. Those people must decide what races shall be admitted within their

THIS photograph illustrates in a striking way the insidious menace of the Chinese in British Columbia. This family lives in a country district not far from Vancouver, and it is typical of many others scattered throughout our country. The mother still clings to her picturesque national costume, but her four girls are dressed just like the white children of British Columbia. The eldest son wears a pigtail and a typical Chinese jacket. His brother, however, has adopted the white man's style of dress in every detail. When these children are older it will be obviously only a short step to their intermarriage with white citizens of Canada, a union that never has any but undesirable results. This picture should serve as an object lesson to those who are only familiar with the Chinese population as it is seen in our towns and cities, where it keeps mostly to its own quarters and rarely has any social intercourse with any other nationality. In the more thinly populated country districts such families as this mix freely with the white population, and the Chinese children attend the same school as their white playmates. The eventual intermarriage of white people and Chinese who have been brought up together from childhood in the same community is not only likely, but certain.

gates, who have got to live with them. This is a fundamental proposition.

Therefore I say that we in British Columbia have determined that, so far as we can accomplish it, the Pacific Ocean must be a white man's ocean. The Western hemisphere must be a white man's hemisphere. Let Asia have Asia—indeed, Asia has Asia—but we propose to keep Australasia and the Americas white, from Vancouver to Melbourne, from the Horn to the Arctic Archipelago. We shall see to it that the shores of the New Pacific shall be at least half-white, and that the islands and continents which lie within her immeasurable waters shall be kept as white as possible. We shall show that the civilization we have given to the world is one we believe in, and we shall see that it does not yield to the ideals of the yellow man.

If Canada is to produce a great and new race of people, and lay the foundations of a great nation—both of which tasks she has not only started out to do, but has given ample promise of doing—it will be not only because here there is a great world movement of men returning to the soil, but that here also is an unconquerable determination to hold up the white man's standard of living, to keep the Cana-

dian people a homogeneous people, and to hold fast to the moral code of nineteen hundred Christian years.

I have said we must command, once more, the Pacific seas, and if we do this we must have, once more, a Pacific navy. If Westminster declines to rehabilitate our naval bases on the Pacific Ocean—and at least one of these must be in British Columbia—and if we leave the police patrol of Pacific waters, with its new trade routes, its new harbors and its new commerce, to the navy of an alien race, we are making a mortal mistake of which not only we in British Columbia must pay the price, but all those others as well whose names are still hidden within the scrolls of future time.

Let us make no mistake on this point: there is only one thing in the world today which is keeping Canada from being overrun by Asiatics. That is the prestige of Great Britain. There is only one thing in the world today which is holding up the prestige of Great Britain. That is the British Navy. Are some of our "Little England" friends talking of a ratio of three to two? We shall do mighty well, with all we have in hand, if we get on with less than three to one.

The time has come for the whole Empire to co-operate in an Imperial naval programme. It is with grief that I say we in Canada are not doing our share. So far our efforts have been a travesty, and some of us are ashamed. But we have our Little Canadians also. You can't have a big nation without some little people. Such are not Empire-builders. They are disintegrators. Their principles lie in the direction of anarchy, and anarchy lies in the direction of defeat. Such people are blind to the one hopeful and fortunate tendency of the day—that toward synthesis, organization, constructive effort.

The most of us want to do our part in Canada. It is not, at least, a British trait which is willing to take selfish and unfair advantage of Imperial necessity and its back and say to the country which has mothered us with so much love and consideration: "We won't do anything further, because you can't do anything else." If we in Canada are worthy of being the nation we talk so much about, we will respond to the instinct of *noblesse oblige*. We will decide at once whether we are dependent on the Empire or a partner in the Empire. If we are the one, let us do some less talking. If we are the other, let us get ready to play our part. We want a British navy on the Pacific coast of North America, and it must be an Imperial navy, and not a Colonial navy. The thought of our doing anything alone, until we are strong enough to defend ourselves, and perhaps even then—for have we not obligations greater than to ourselves?—is a folly which approaches the quality of a madness, if I use no harsher term. This whole matter of the defence of any part of the Empire must be considered as an Imperial question. The forces which make for unity and organization are those which make for strength, and success lies in strength. Those tendencies which make toward division of force and division of interest and authority lie in the direction of disintegration and defeat. The time has come for Canada to shoulder her burdens and assume the tasks of world Empire, or do less talking about being a nation. Where, outside the British Empire, is a nation of the world defended by another nation's navy? And where, even within that Empire, is there another nation willing to have it so? Some philosopher has suggested that the reason the Kaiser withdrew so gracefully from the recent Moroccan situation was because of the menace of the Canadian navy. This sounds good enough to be true. I have no apology to make for the Canadian navy. Perhaps if we had one I might apologize. But I do want to say this much here—that I think I know Canada well enough to be able to say that, on the whole, she has no desire to remain a parasite in the matter of Imperial defence. It is not our desire in this matter of a navy to be satisfied with a little tin affair of our own, for we understand that our strength and usefulness in the future and our influence upon the world will depend upon our being a self-supporting, self-depending, self-defending part of that great unit—the world-empire of the British race.

Many Americans are slumbering comfortably in the fool's paradise that the efficiency of their navy will be doubled by the canal. Whatever else it will do for the American navy, it will double the despatch with which that navy may leave the whole Atlantic coast defenceless. But

unless the United States has two navies—unless the British Empire has two navies—California and British Columbia will receive little benefit in the way of defences from the Panama Canal, and without adequate defences their sway is done. Should the United States or Great Britain become engaged with a foe in either hemisphere or on either ocean, the other hemisphere or ocean is all the more liable to attack or to the humiliation of enforced compromise. The very idea of world-empire is inconceivable without that world navy. In recent times there has been no more humiliating illustration of this fact than in the behaviour of Japan in Asia toward every British interest in the Far East. The deliberate slamming of the open door in our complacent faces by our altruistic and honest ally, and that without a protest from us, because we are otherwise too much occupied, is one of the tragic episodes of recent political history and one which promises to project results farther than I for one dare to look.

You will excuse me, I am sure, if I seem to be in earnest on this point. For frankly I am. British Columbia is the index finger of the British Empire. But that is the finger which is being pinched between the door and the jamb. The situation today is not hopeful. I know, of course, what are the compelling causes of our humiliation on the Pacific, where we have been sacrificed to the menace of the North Sea. We do not blame you. But whatever the causes, the results are the same—and as disastrous. There is raised here no word of blame. But there must be a word of warning. The cold facts are serious. Facts are things not to be blamed, but remedied. The old Greek said, "Don't kick against the facts. You can't do them any harm." So that it is not in the spirit of a captious critic, but in that of a mournful historian, that I tell you that you have dismantled our land defences, and failed to give us new ones. You have abandoned one of the best harbor defences in the Empire at Esquimalt, and you have withdrawn your fleet from our hemisphere. You have left us to the tender mercies of your altruistic ally, your little brown brother, who has already learned to crowd British citizens off our own sidewalks with impunity into British mud. All in all, you have accorded us what Burke might have called "a wise and salutary neglect." Should you get into trouble over here, and if Japan becomes aggressive over there—and she is far too aggressive, even while you are both sitting amicably under the umbrella of your ill-fated alliance—there is but one recourse—for British Columbia to look to Wall Street for protection (I have not forgotten that Washington was once the capital of the United States), and sometimes we may have to say to the great American syndicate, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

This is not a pleasing outlook. Wall Street has some of the characteristics of the fraternity of the late Captain Kidd. The principal difference is that the modern institution has divested itself of the last shred of romance. The earlier buccaneers were willing to take a chance on their lives. But Wall Street operates behind the door, and never yet took something for nothing, or gave anything for anything. It has rather too strong a grip on British Columbia now. On the whole, we prefer the old Empire of which we now are, and hope to remain, a part.

That day, my lords and gentlemen, has now at last arrived in the history of this planet when the imperious necessity is laid upon us for fundamental thinking and for broad, concerted action. We have been too busy in using up the content of our vocabulary over selfish and partisan and trivial interests to find words with which easily to express the seriousness of the new and overwhelming problems which confront us on the threshold of this new era. For this is a new era. We are a long way from having adjusted ourselves to the new world, which one century of applied science has made of the old slaughter pen, which we now call our home. We are still bewildered with the lightning rapidity with which certain phases of progress have been proceeding, and we are still apathetic toward the inertia of other very important relations of life where there has been scarcely any progress at all. If our optimism is peremptorily challenged, it is that with all the undoubted blessings which the underworld institutions of democracy are bringing us, the world is not being, and cannot be, ruled at its highest level of intelligence. For the better or for the worse this is a proposition which must be reck-

oned with as a fact, and perhaps an unchanging and unchangeable fact. The late Regius Professor of modern history of Oxford University, Frederick York Powell, said, in what is practically his last word on the study of history, a year before he died, and in the closing words of that wonderful address, "A General Survey of Modern History": "Most of you believe in democracy. If there is one thing the study of history shows to be certain, it is that *an ignorant democracy cannot last long.*" Another thing he might have added with almost equal force: *A dishonest democracy should not last long.*

I know of no more objectionable fly in the ointment of democracy than that which has made possible the ancient reproach that it is a system under which the nursery runs the household. If my memory serves me, it was old Plato himself who complained that even the poorest intelligence would go to a shoemaker if he wanted a pair of boots made, but that most anybody could run a government. That system must contain something very unintelligent and inadequate which in the United States places a lawyer over the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, or in this country places a civilian in command of the British Navy. When amateurs, no matter how honorable and well intentioned in the guidance of the ship of state, are placed at the helm (to say nothing, Sir, about fleets), it is quite time for someone to raise a doubt as to the plenary inspiration of our political creeds, and the infallibility of our institutions. Gentlemen, it is largely because of amateurs in politics and misfits in power, amiable and well intentioned as they are, that the path behind us is strewn with the wrecks of so many a lost opportunity, and that the path in front, I devoutly fear, is paved with more good intentions.

There is cogent reason, therefore, that those of you who have enjoyed the highest privileges the world has to give in mental culture, spiritual refinement, and diversity and profundity of knowledge, should devote yourselves, without wearying, to those mighty problems which involve no less than the future welfare of mankind. The fundamental ideas of this new era are constructive, increasingly constructive. Here is our hope. Its deepest instinct is toward organization rather than toward anarchy, which is the inevitable outcome of those impulses of the individualist, which are working toward the disorganization and disjunction and disruption of society, and which constitute the fundamental weakness of the democracies of the day. The more pity because they have nothing to do with true democracy, and they have always been the death of true democracy. We do not want Home Rule in British Columbia, because we prefer to be a part of Canada, which is a component of Empire, and we want to see the integral parts of the Empire closer together rather than farther apart. We prefer to work together for high aims rather than against each other for those aims. Crowding events are making this an imperative philosophy, for the loose-jointed and divided nations are doomed to be a prey to the organized races of mankind. I have a vast respect for Adam Smith and the Manchester School and the Ipswich man and those pre-glacial thinkers with their Silurian instincts who founded the philosophy of *laissez-faire*. They did their work. But we also have a work to do, of which they never dreamed. Sometimes I am not too sure that we shall do it. We seem to be losing the iron in our blood. Where is the spirit of Drake and Nelson? But then we may remember that Nelson fought at Trafalgar after Burke had cried, almost in despair, "The age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded." It may be, too, that the virile organizing, constructive force of the old stock, which made the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, has not yet passed away. If it is not dead, I hope it will wake pretty soon, for strange times are upon us—of war and rumor of war—of new issues and new world arrangements—of new world powers arising, young, lusty and ambitious—and perhaps unscrupulous, to challenge our advance. One thing is certain, that every word and every influence which tends to separate, or antagonize, the peoples of our racial stock is withholding the progress of the world. The white races must get together or go to the wall. The British Empire must be consolidated and defended. The Anglo-Saxon peoples must understand that they are one. The whole Teutonic family must know that blood is thicker than water, and that an inter-Teutonic war would be an

international crime. The man who has been writing some of the wisest things about the great Pacific problem of this generation is the distinguished gentleman who edits your official journal. Many years ago he wrote about the awakening of Asia, before most of the world knew that Asia was rubbing its eyes, and his warnings have been repeated in a series of works, all of importance. Most of his prophecies have come true, and events have followed with singular faithfulness the lines he marked out for them. He called attention to the fact, which we are a long way from having grasped to this day, that events were gathering which would make it necessary for the white races to get together if they wished to retain their supremacy upon the earth.

We in British Columbia are the British Empire on the northern New Pacific. With nothing but salt water and a fortnight between their ports and ours, we, in our area of nearly 400,000 square miles, and with a population not much larger than the city of Seattle, are face to face with as many people—more than half of the human race—as live on the whole American continent north of the Rio Grande. These countless hordes are learning the use of the western equipment. The most of them are willing to work, and work over hours, for something like sixpence a day. They are thrifty, imitative, hardy, disciplined and efficient. With their present population, and on the basis of the German conscription, they could put a fighting force of 80,000,000 men upon the fields of war. And when they are no longer coolies, but skilled laborers, which is the inevitable destiny of the Asiatic, they will organize a multitudinous host of industrial workers which, by sheer weight of numbers and cheapness, will overbear and break down the white man's standard of living, and bring ruin upon Western industry. This is not all. With the introduction of sanitary and agricultural science, with the conservation of the limitless resources of Asia, it is likely that the population of that country will be doubled before our grandchildren are all dead.

Those who know Asia best, know very well that empty and accessible lands will not go begging; and unoccupied and unowned resources will not be let alone by races who number those in their hundreds of millions who are driven ever outward and onward by the hindmost of all necessities, animal hunger.

Again, let us remember that Asia is adopting our democratic ideas and catchwords without our knowledge and discipline; but this is not to boast too loudly of our discipline, except to say that I would not have the hardihood to deny that, on the whole, Regent street will compare favorably with the thoroughfares of Pekin at the present moment. There can be no doubt that with this unformed Oriental rejuvenescence a new migratory instinct is being born, and a new blind migration is likely to begin which may combine the irrational motives of the Crusades with the irresistible ferocity of Jenghis Khan. In fact, we know so little of the psychology of Asia that it is wholly impossible for us to make a forecast of what a race may do which has been asleep for four thousand years, and which all at once has begun to rub sleepy eyes and stretch lusty limbs. Solemn portents lie in a race movement when, as in young China, her student bodies are breaking into the national assembly rooms with petitions wet from their life's blood, singing "The Marsellaise" in the halls of the Manchus.

So far as the empty and undeveloped reaches of our Empire are concerned, the awakening of Asia is happening little too soon. I wonder if we are waking too late?

I bring you tidings from the watch towers of your Imperial outpost on the North Pacific. There are red lights on the sea where the sun sets.

The June Number

of the

British Columbia Magazine

will contain the following special features:

THE NEW PACIFIC

Under this heading we shall publish special illustrated articles on the Panama Canal, the Expositions that are being prepared at San Diego and San Francisco, and the value of the Canal to British Columbia from a commercial point of view.

EFFECT OF THE PANAMA CANAL ON THE TRADE AND DEVELOPMENT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

A symposium of the opinions of many distinguished men whose names are well known throughout the world. This feature will have a special value in drawing the attention of investors to the unusual opportunities that British Columbia offers at the present time.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WEST INDIES

By Dr. F. L. de Verteuil, R.N. (retired). This will outline the possibilities of developing new trade between these two parts of the Empire when the Panama Canal is completed.

The photographs and maps that will be used in illustrating these features will be of the utmost value for purposes of reference. In addition to the above features there will be many other articles, stories, pictures and cartoons.

A SPECIAL COVER IN THREE COLORS HAS BEEN DESIGNED FOR OUR JUNE NUMBER

TO ADVERTISERS.—Owing to the wide publicity we are giving this Panama Canal Number and the value to investors of the special information we are going to publish, the June number will be an unusually good medium for advertisers. In addition to the extra copies we are sending to Europe, several hundred June magazines will be distributed by the Publicity Department of the San Diego Exposition.

The Danger of Delay

By Hilda Mabee

"NO more coffee, Tokyama. You may hand me my cigarettes after you have passed the cigars; and there's a box of Huyler's, too, on the sideboard. Tuck the packages into my dress-suit case in the hall. I'm sorry to run away like this," the man added, wiping his moustache as he finished the last bit of cheese and toasted cracker on his plate.

"What! aren't you going to stay and smoke with us, Ellery? This is Bradford's first dinner at the Four-in-hand."

"I know it, Kendall; and it's too bad. I'm awfully sorry, Bradford, but I must catch the seven-forty. I'll smoke in spirit with you, be sure of that, for I'm very glad you are one of us!"

"Thank you, Professor Dana, thank you tremendously. I tell you I'm mighty proud to be here. Are you off to deliver another lecture?"

"Indeed he's not!" interrupted the fourth man at the table, who was performing a surgical operation upon the end of a Havana with exquisite nicety. "He's taking his candy to the Ridge. His audiences get only dates."

The new member of the bachelor household smiled questioningly. Ellery Dana had arisen. He walked around the table to Bradford's place and put out his hand. "No, I am going off to loaf and invite my soul over Sunday. I have an acquired habit. Harkins will tell you all about my dog and my horse and my hostess. Each is seven years dear to me," he continued as he turned to leave the room. "As you are really one of us now you'll have to know all *they* know," with a sweeping gesture at the two older men, both of whom were looking at him with whimsical amiability.

"Good night, boys. Here, Tokyama, hold my coat. Thanks. I'm off."

Another moment and the three men were left alone. The Japanese refilled their glasses, removed the last suggestion of dinner, and silently withdrew into his own kingdom where he, as "manservant, maid-servant, ox and everything but an ass," as Kendall expressed it, did the wonderful tricks of his trade, with lithe, energetic fingers and quick, noiseless tread.

The Four-in-hand was a coterie of professors that had become an institution, as it were. In the beginning they had taken an old house but a short walk from the campus of the state university. Gradually the domicile and its garden had grown into a perfect delight of outline and color. Each of the four bachelors had a suite of den, bedroom and bath. A big living-room had been built later and piazzas thrown out upon three sides. Women who came to enviable bachelor-teas went away with the word that the house was full of "literary atmosphere," though Kendall's grandmother came and declared that it only smelt of tobacco. But Kendall's grandmother loved the old-fashioned garden which led out from his suite, where he had planted all manner of growing things in the name of his botany department. Harkins, the dilettante of the house, though at college the stern master of his subject, had made the dining-room his *chef d'ouevre*. He had brought back from his travels enough old French-carved oak, blackened with years, to wainscot the room and to build buffets for the ends. It made a striking and dignified background for the collection of china and pewter and rare old prints. And over all ruled Tokyama, the faithful.

"Did Dana mean that he was going to spend Sunday with someone at the Ridge?"

Bradford had been a protege of Kendall's when the latter had been instructor at Yale; and now, just returning to Orient as an instructor, he was uninitiated into the comings and goings of local interest.

"Is there a girl in the story?"

Harkins laughed. "Let me tell you in a few words. Dana seems to want you to know all there is to know. For that matter

we know nothing personal. There was a time when we used to prophecy that something might grow out of his frequent visits at the Ridge, but as he himself says, 'I think it's only an acquired habit.' Let me see—Potter Barclay came to Orient ten or twelve years ago; he and his wife and daughter, Mildred. The wife was a cripple, an invalid, and they had a maid who took care of her and was a kind of courier for the girl. They lived at the Wallax House the four years she was here at college. Mildred made every man on the faculty respect her and almost every fellow-student love her."

"You might almost put it the other way," interjected Kendall; "she's one of the most lovable girls I ever ran across and I'm nearly fifty."

"Kendall's right. She was sweet and genuine, and a clever student. Her father had plenty of money to start with and he must have made an enormous capital out of stocks just before he bought the Ridge property. I have heard that he made his first success in patents; the Mancaster bit for army horses was, I think, one of his lucky ideas."

"How did Professor Dana become so intimate at the Ridge if he has had no idea of marrying Miss Barclay?" Bradford was not yet thirty and he had very decided social codes, including those that referred to dogs in the manger.

"Oh, to begin with," Harkins went on—Harkins loved to talk—"the Barclays are most hospitable and they have house-parties continually. Yet though other men come and go no one man has ever usurped Dana's position as friend of the family. The intimacy began seven years ago when Mildred was in her junior year. She had elected sociology under Dana. The Ridge was just being completed, Barclay was back and forth every day overseeing the construction of the house. When March came Dana had pneumonia and during his convalescence, Barclay, at Mildred's suggestion I suppose, built Dana a shack in their balsam grove. Dana was living at the Faculty House in those days and the Ridge must have meant heaven to him. They gave him a bull terrier pup for company, then a little later a gentle horse to ride back and forth to college, and by June the fellow looked like a new man. You see a strong attachment was built up from the beginning. Of course there is absolutely nothing in common between Barclay and Ellery. The Danas are aristocratic to a degree. His mother always says when speaking of strangers, 'And who *are* they?' just as Kendall would about a new plant. In the earlier days when we used to try to rattle Ellery about the affair, he used to say, 'My mother wouldn't like Barclay blood, and my mother demands consideration.' "

"Oh, Ellery has never been in love with Mildred Barclay," Kendall spoke with vehemence. "He isn't demanding physically. He has his grandfather's judicial mind about everything. I can hear him reason himself out of any thought of marriage with anybody. He'd say, 'Ellery, you are among the foremost in your profession. Marriage would interfere. Remember the fourth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Deuteronomy. Marriage is beautiful, Mildred Barclay is beautiful, but you must keep to the friendship which is also beautiful so long as it serves your purpose.' "

Harkins was thinking. But a moment later he added, "One would have thought at the outset that he must be forced into falling in love, just because everybody was congratulating him and he could not but realize that he was counted as having won the Orient prize. But he didn't look at it in that way. His viewpoint is always his own."

"Ellery's makeup is intensive," it was Kendall's turn to be analytic. "His point of view sometimes recalls old Professor Seth Baldwin's illustration of narrowing culture. He used to say, 'New England bred, Harvard bred, well bred, but sometimes with social sympathies inbred.' "

Bradford was still considering the question from the society standpoint. "How about the girl? Is she content to remain in single blessedness to please Dana?"

"I rather think so. She has had plenty of followers, one after another. Now and then a European chap turns up and plays golf at the Club in order to see her and meet her, but I've never heard her name coupled with anyone's but Ellery's."

"Is she still beautiful? She must be thirty by this time," asked the young professor of chemistry, who felt that a lifetime lay between him and his college degree, now six years old.

"Why, Bradford, she's simply glorious in her womanhood. We gave her a dinner

last spring in honor of guests who were visiting her. Mrs. Dorrs-Flathers chaperoned the dinner and you should have seen Mildred. She is big, and broad shouldered; yet willowy and graceful. And her features are simply exquisite. I think somewhere in the Barclay blood there must have been an Irish princess, and Mildred is the reincarnation. The boys used to say when she was in college, 'Barclay may be Bar-clay, but Mildred is made of other clay.'"

Kendall had left the men and was sitting on the porch just outside, watching the hunter's moon loom up over the horizon line of chimney pots and huge buildings to the east. As the two other men joined the smoker outside Harkins closed the discussion with, "You'll think when you see Mildred that she would ravish Dana; but he's as cool as a cup of mintjulep."

Ellery Dana's mind was busy during the half-hour that he sat in the train on his way to the Ridge. Not that he was making a decision; on the contrary, he was so sure of himself that no doubt lingered, no fear teased. Rather, he was wondering why he had not chosen earlier; why he had let the circumstance of friendship crowd out the possibility of love. For he did love Mildred Barclay. His whole nature responded to the very word as he repeated it to himself: "Love! The love of man for woman! My love for Mildred!" Yet in his new impetuosity he recognized his own previous deliberation. Had he not taken all summer to make sure that love had come to him! Had he not refused Potter Barclay's invitation to the Canadian Hills in order that he might go East to live away from new enticing associations, and to revive once again the old associations, the family ties; the traditions of Dana blood—for Dana blood was demanding, and tenacious, as well as conservative. He had, moreover, watched with peculiar interest the life in his mother's establishment at Beverly (the old summer home had grown into an establishment of late in order to keep pace with the growing philanthropic enterprises in which his mother was engaged). As the days came and went he found himself appreciating the dignity of the home more than ever, and admiring the steel-like strength of character that is the expression of the type of womanhood to which his mother belonged. Yet the days grew perilously long to bear before Ellery Dana could reach the Ridge. His letters during the weeks of sympathy which followed the death of Mildred's mother had been difficult letters to write, because he had not let his heart tell its new story. That must be spoken, not written.

How satisfying it was to Ellery Dana to think that it was no youth's passion he was offering Mildred, nor was it an older man's worn out affection. Why! he at thirty-five had wisdom and judgment to add to his great love; yet withal he could honestly tell this beautiful woman it was first love, only love, the one love of a lifetime!

They would marry quietly. He knew that to Mildred marriage was a sacred rite, to be witnessed by closest friends — and he would go abroad with Mildred and her father, for this was his sabbatical year at the university; and ——

It was very simple thinking to this man who, at thirty-five, had never had to fight life for himself; but who, a social thoroughbred and eager student, had theorized from the day his mother had said:

"Ellery, you are ready for college; you shall have everything made easy for you during the coming year. I want you to work steadily; don't hurry, don't worry, don't waste time, don't crowd things; but in the end win your degree, Doctor of Philosophy, like your father. I want you to be a Dana. They have all been students or professional men."

As youth and man Ellery had followed without any sacrifice to self the path of filial duty. This was his first unadvised step in life. Other events of moment had come to him as impelling opportunities. But even this crucial choice was made comparatively simple by his inheritance of Dana assurance, that comfortable acquiescence in personal decision.

A small dinner party for three of Potter Barclay's western agents had been the interest of the evening at the Ridge. As Dana entered he found the men talking and laughing with their hostess as they sauntered out from the dining-room. Mildred Barclay had presided over her father's table with the same dignified cordiality for many years. Her mother's death two months before was marked by the simple black gown; all other trace of sorrowing

had seemed to slip into the background, for the invalid mother had been but an unseen factor in the daily living; and with Barclay's temperament hospitality was like breathing, absolutely necessary to his life.

Mildred Barclay stood a picture of graciousness before her guests with her two collies, identical in marks, close to her heels. "Yes, I am anticipating every moment of the trip," the girl was saying to a big burly man with bristling side whiskers and commercial nose. "Really, Mr. Sinclair, it will be very interesting—doing Europe with my father, will it not?"

"You'll be 'sizing up life' as your father calls it," rejoined the man, who had travelled with Barclay in his private car through the West.

"Yes, I shall enjoy it as never before. I went across first with a Raymond party; then with Mrs. Dorrs-Flathers, and two years ago with Fraulein Copp. Now there will be no picture galleries, no theories and operas, no social functions, but there'll be dear little suppers in queer out-of-the-way cafes, and automobiling through strange little-known places."

"I'll wager a copper that you'll get more out of your trip this time than you did before with Baedeker and friends."

"Oh, yes; I expect to have a triumphant progress from Liverpool to Tokio. Think of our yacht on the Black Sea and the camel ride in Arabia! Oh, but here's Professor Dana! Please excuse me, and please tell my father that I'll join you in the billiard-room later."

Another moment and the woman of Ellery Dana's lifetime seemed to crowd out men and dogs and tobacco smoke, standing before him in warranted gladness to welcome the man who had been away all summer.

Yet for the first time since his return from the holidays had a wave of doubt spread over the man's soul. Not doubt of his own love, but a realization that he might not win the heart of this woman. Suddenly the significance of her power swept across him. He recognized her physical superiority, just as he was cognizant that her horizon was from the hill-tops rather than from the valley of thought. Tall and wiry and firmly knit as he was, Ellery Dana felt annoyed at the gentility of his own well-groomed body as he went forward to meet this girl whose full womanhood suggested itself in free curves and modulated lines. Mildred Barclay was five feet and nine inches tall. Ellery was just short of it. His weight of one hundred and fifty pounds merely gave him a definitely expressed figure, but with Mildred the same weight was so disposed as to accentuate her physical power. They were types of their hour. He the cultured man of books and thought, she the woman of the saddle and the open fields—the woman of untrammeled action.

"Let Mansfield take your traps, Ellery; I can't let you go to your room even for a moment. I'm so glad to see you! Just think of all that has come into father's life and mine since you left us, and all that has gone out of it."

As she talked she was leading the way from the hall down the spacious library to the fireplace. She had been in the saddle all afternoon and her face glowed with color; her lips were crimson-red. But her eyes were tender with the thought of the gentle mother.

"Oh, Ellery, what a comfort your letters have been! They were so different from all the other condolences. You see you knew just what dear, quiet, patient mother meant to father and me."

For a moment they stood in silence side by side, as if watching the flaring logs. Then, as a child reaches for a top, eagerly, spontaneously, commandingly, Ellery Dana faced Mildred Barclay and stretched out his hands.

"Oh, Mildred," he spoke vehemently, "the summer has been so long without you; I love you, I love you with all my heart! What can you give me in return? Am I worthy?"

The woman gave one comprehending glance. She knew the man's straight-forward nature. It must be true, but for a moment she attempted lightness.

"Oh, Ellery, don't, don't. You have been my hero; do not try to be a lover!"

"I don't try, I *am*," the man stepped nearer to her.

"Ellery," she spoke very slowly, almost inaudibly, "when you came into my life I thought I could not wait to hear you say this. No, no, you must not touch me. I am not saying 'yes.' The girl's eyes filled with tears and she laid both her own hands upon his shoulders, half repelling him, half holding him. I loved you so foolishly in

those early days, Ellery. But now, oh, no! It is all outlived—outgrown. You have taught me my duty. You have made me see the use of life: my life."

"Mildred! why Mildred, what do you mean, girl? And how could you care once and not care now?"

"Wait! you must hear me. You are not as other men who have come to me in this way. You have been my teacher, my comrade, my fellow-worker. You have a right to share the secret of my life, the secret that father and mother have kept sacred since my birth."

The man stared at the woman blindly, dumbly. Her rebuff; the love outgrown; the mystery! His mind was unable to grasp conditions. He seemed incapable of action. Mildred took him by the arm and pressed him gently to the settle by the fireplace, a corner they had long called the "judgment seat," so often from its comfortable cushions had logical and decisive conclusions been reached together by them, ever the student and the teacher.

"I must tell you the story now, Ellery—the story I have wanted to tell you ever since you came to us in this intimate way. When you know it, dear friend, you will know why I cannot marry you, and why you unwittingly have taught me to be brave."

The man continued speechless. The woman threw a handful of birch sticks upon the fire. Then seating herself upon the settle she leaned forward with intent manner, as if the urgency of her thought must have vent. The firelight danced upon her face, distinguishing its astounding whiteness, the face but a few moments before so radiantly bright with color.

"Oh, Ellery, I am not what I seem. I am not Potter Barclay's daughter. I am—I am an outcast. I'm—my God, Ellery, how can I tell you!"

Then Ellery spoke, "Don't, dearest, don't tell me. Just forget, and let me love you and shield you from the secret. You are *you*; you do not need to tell me. I am not marrying a Barclay, I love *you*, the *woman*, Mildred."

"No, no! Listen, you must know; then you will understand. Why, Ellery, you have saved me from myself by curing my love for you. Again and again in the beginning had you once shown me by word or glance or tone that I meant anything to you I might have lost all that you have taught me that life means."

"I don't know what you mean, Mildred. What have I taught you?"

"That will come later. I will tell the facts first, briefly. They are tragic, but they sound cheap. They make a plot for a yellow-covered novel. Oh, Ellery," and she took both his hands in hers, clutching them so tightly that sharp pain darted through the man's wrist, pain that gave his heart like suffering, but pain the man loved to feel because it was for her sake.

"My mother was the daughter of an English rector in Tunwell. She and her grandfather, Chardley, lived together in the old home with the housekeeper, Mary Haddon; and her daughter, Maggie, was my mother's maid. The Duke of Mancaster and his family attended my grandfather's parish church. Their only son was a soldier in the British army. He had been in the East; he came home on leave of absence. He met my mother often. She was but a girl of twenty, she thought him honorable, though their love must be in secret. There was a marriage, a mock marriage it proved; the only witnesses were Maggie, the maid, and Peter, Captain Mancaster's valet and orderly. Oh, Ellery, how can I tell you it all?" She had spoken hurriedly, disjointedly, but now she waited, breathing quick and fast in the agony of expression.

"Don't try to tell me, Mildred. I know it already. I can read it in the suffering of your face. How glad I am, dear heart, to share this knowledge with you and perhaps help you bear it in less lonely manner."

"No, I must go on, then you will see. Captain Mancaster joined his regiment and went away. As the months went by my mother had to tell my grandfather the truth. My grandfather died of a broken bloodvessel the night my mother told him. He was a self-contained man, but with great passions. Maggie knew. She was engaged to Peter, the orderly, who had gone to the East again with Captain Mancaster. It was she who wrote to Peter and told him of my mother's grief and of my birth. When the letter reached him Captain Mancaster was dying. On his death-bed he confessed, and he made Peter his heir on condition that he would care for my mother and me. There were but two or three thousand pounds in the inheri-

tance. My own mother died before I was a year old. Peter married Margaret, and they took me from the Sisterhood at Tunwell, where my mother had lived from the time of my birth."

"And this Peter, this Margaret, they adopted you?"

"Your host, and my dear, honest father, Potter Barclay, was Captain Mancaster's orderly, Peter. And my own mother's maid was the quiet little woman who has been all the mother I have ever known. Oh, think what those two kindly-hearted persons have been to me. They have just lived to make me glad in life in spite of my shame. And don't you see what you have been to me all these years? How you have helped me by not loving me?"

"I don't know that; but I know what I want to be to you."

While Mildred Barclay talked the heart of her lover listened, yet his mind was at work subconsciously reviewing the story of their friendship—her years of hungry waiting—the irony of his own belated love. And so this girl was the daughter of old English aristocratic blood; the grandchild of the Anglican Church! He recalled vividly the conversation he had had with his mother seven summers before, when his youth had responded to the girl's grace of manner, carriage of head, quick wit, and abandoned joy in living. He could distinctly hear his mother's voice and her timely warning:

"We Danas and Clarks are English; your ancestors on both sides were of the best Puritan blood. If you marry this Irish girl you will never understand her. She's Celtic, everything you tell me about her is Celtic. Don't do it, Ellery. You will regret it as a father, if not as a husband. Besides you'll be spoiled for your profession. You can't serve two masters—her gay society life and your own scholarly work."

What would she say now? Then instantly the thought flashed across his mind that she was never to know! This secret was a sacred trust. Whether he should win Mildred's love or not could make no difference in relation to the story. The world would know Mildred as the daughter of Potter Barclay, the self-made multimillionaire.

"I shall talk out my soul to you tonight, Ellery, and if I say things which seem hard, you must forgive me and remember that I am happier in the knowledge of your love, even though I do not accept it, than I have ever been since the knowledge of my inheritance was made known to me."

"Why did you ever need to know it, Mildred? Why did Barclay tell you?"

"My father from the beginning meant to let me know who my forbears were. Then too, he wished to be just to the dead, he has said. But as the years came and went I was such a loving, happy-go-lucky child that the right time never seemed to come to disclose the secret. I was more than seventeen; we were in Colorado at the mines; they thought of me as still a child studying at my books with my governess, but I was really a woman. And father's secretary, Dan Devlin, who was with us in the family, fell in love with me and asked my father if he might tell me so. As I look back on it I know I flirted with Dan like a frivolous girl. The lawlessness of my Mancaster blood ran riot in those days. I even slipped away one night from the family and went to a dance at the Gulch with Dan. It was my own proposition. After the party Dan told father and then it was he asked that he might marry me. Father raged, I have never seen him so angry—raged to think that a man like Dan Devlin should dare propose marriage. Had I been father's own daughter the big, handsome Irishman might have availed, but in the eyes of my father, Barclay, I am always of Captain Mancaster's blood; something outside of his daily world, even though of it in daily intimacy. After the tempest was spent father lay on his couch and cried. I had never seen him cry before. Then he told my mother to tell me. And Ellery, that dear, timid, sick woman took me in her arms, for I was crying too, and told me all. Then it was I knew the lie of my life, the lie inherited with my Mancaster blood, the lie that Potter Barclay and Margaret have had to lie for my sake; the lie that will go with us to our graves; and the lie which you and your children would have to share were I to marry you."

The woman had risen and the man, with the instinctive habit of courtesy, had arisen too. But he stood alone by the mantel while she paced up and down the long room as he talked, the yellow dogs, Nick and Nod, on either side of her, keeping step.

It was a trick she had taught them when they were puppies, and even now in her great strain of soul, habit made her open a tobacco jar, purposely kept filled with broken biscuit, and regard her faithful comrades for their silent companionship.

Ellery turned and watched her for a moment. She made a picture with her dogs. It was like an old portrait with the dim light, which filtered in from the hallway, almost obliterating the lines of the black gown, but illuminating the drawn and eager face of the woman.

"Mildred, how strangely you talk about this 'lie of your life,' as you call it. You are morbid. I know something of your life myself. I know that your father and mother Barclay have made your days joyous; your own clever mind and blithesome heart have surrounded you with friends, the mere incident of your birth should in no way stand between you and the future, nor should it stand between me and my future."

The woman turned like a flash. "Do you mean that after all you have said and written about tendency, and inheritance, and sin, that now you wish me to forget all? Over and over again you have told me that truth was the one subject of the scientific world. You have made me realize that I must help truth, that I must not hand on the inheritance of a lie, of sin. In your college lectures I woke up to life and sacrifice."

"But I see no reason why I should not share that life and sacrifice," interrupted the importunate lover; "I don't know how my theories have anything to do with you —and my love."

"It had everything to do with me. That's the wonderful part of it. I had never had a man-friend until the spring you came amongst us. I knew men, of course, father's friends, and there were a great many boys. Some of them made love to me, others joked with me, but you came; and you were wise and gentle and merry, qualities to make a woman glad. The days were glorified when you were with me and hallowed by memories when you were away. But I had not conquered myself in those days. I was ever waiting, waiting for your love."

"Don't, Mildred; don't."

"Yes, you must bear it all and know my heart, the heart you have made. Gradually I learned to know you better than you knew yourself. I realized at the outset that I fascinated you. I was young then and you were young, but your judgment, your reason ruled. You told me things of your home, your mother. I could see it all: I understand her pride and her ambition. And I knew you were striving for high reputation in the scientific world. I grew interested in your work. I found happiness even in your theses, because they meant so much to you. Do you remember when we read the 'Idylls of the King' you said that your Holy Grail was your work? I feared I might be the woman who turned to dust, and I prayed God that I might never be such a temptation to you in your quest. Oh, Ellery, seven years ago I prayed God day and night to help me see life as you saw it, and he has answered my prayer. I have subdued the old hungry longings. You come and go now as a comrade, a brother. I see everything through your scientific eyes."

"Oh, but you have not understood me! And now I don't understand you! Great heavens! Mildred, to think you can say you have outgrown love in this cold-blooded fashion. And you've interpreted all I've said to you as if I had meant it personally instead of universally."

"No, I am not cold-blooded, but I have learned to recognize truth. I must not hand on 'Mancaster characteristics.' You know the life of the old Duke. If my father had lived he would have repeated his history. The generations to come shall not suffer through my selfishness. You have said over and over again that the cause of half the woes in this world is the unwise and selfish marriage. I don't think I'm morbid. I'm simply standing in the highway of life with my eyes wide open. I have made a struggle to learn my duty; I should not be helping if I let my lower nature have its way."

"'Lower nature!' Who taught you that love is a part of your lower nature? I never did and your Bible never did. Do you mean that you fight away the joy of living because I've taught you all this physiological, sociological tommy rot?"

"And do you mean that what you've worked for all these years, all your theories, all your knowledge, is what you've now termed 'tommy rot'?"

"Oh, I don't know! But I know I've

made a mess of it, and I know that love, man's and woman's love, is the best thing in the world to me this moment, in spite of quests for theories and scientific honor. Mildred, I want you!"

The woman crossed the room quickly and drew the man's face to hers, kissing him on the temple.

"Ellery, after all you are still a mere child. You're like a boy who has studied and recited his lesson, and is ready to play. At the end of seven years you want *me*, the playmate, the lesson having been finished. We shall always be friends, dear one. You are my scholar-hero! but the love for you is dead. We must forget tonight."

"It doesn't hurt you to refuse me, you've refused other men. You know how. But Mildred, I have never loved anyone. I have never spoken of love to a woman before. Don't! don't end it tonight. Keep me in suspense; let me have some hope."

"No, no. It's like that fire. It has gone out"; and when the man muttered, "but there are coals beneath," she answered, "Let them die, don't touch them. But you may turn on the electricity, Ellery. Let's have the modern light of the twentieth century."

Another moment and the room was brilliantly lighted. Nick and Dod stretched themselves upon a rug. They instinctively knew that the hour of restlessness had passed. Just then Potter Barclay and his guests came down from the billiard-room laughing uproariously over one of their host's inimitable stories. Both Mildred and Ellery became engrossed in conversation. Ellery began at once discussing the immigration question with Mr. Sinclair, who knew much of the Chinese problem on the Pacific coast, while Mildred talked with Colonel Bowles of the afternoon's ride across country.

Potter Barclay stood in the doorway listening to his guests and watching his daughter. Just before his butler interrupted him he thought to himself, "I wonder if Mildred cares for Dana. A year's a long time to separate them if she does; but she says she wants to see the world in company with her old Dad. God bless her, she shall!"

THE PACK TRAIN OF THE SURVEYING PARTY ON THE NEW 80-MILE MOTOR ROAD THROUGH THE ROCKIES

A PAGE FOR INVESTORS

NOTE.—Replies can only be made by letter when a stamped envelope is enclosed. Correspondents must sign their names, not necessarily for publication.

W. J. L., London, Eng.—I cannot do better than refer you to the following from "Canadian Finance," which excellently covers the points raised in your letter: "As Josh Billings put it, 'Nobody don't do nothin' for nobody for nothin'.' The man who bites at a get-rich-quick offering overlooks this homely bit of philosophy. The get-rich-quick offering is not an investment—not even a speculation. It is simply a sure thing—on the wrong side of the biter's balance sheet. Investment means placing one's money where it will be both safe and profitable. Safety without profit is not investment—it is hoarding. A safe deposit box—a hole in the ground—may represent security, but it does not offer profit. Nor can profit without security be called investment—it is speculation. And speculation means that one's principal is to some degree in jeopardy."

Rev. H. P., Sheffield, Eng.—We are going to publish an article on Canadian banks in an early issue. All bank notes are secured by a first lien on the assets of the bank.

F. D., Calgary, Alta.—We should advise you not to buy. The corner lot next to the one you indicated is offering at $12,000.

H. G. F., Calgary, Alta.—The company has recently paid a dividend of 2 per cent. We think it is a good holding proposition. The other company has lost its charter.

Mrs. K. M., Toronto, Ont.—The writer has apparently only a secondhand knowledge of Vancouver. The statement is untrue. The name of the firm will be sent if you will forward a stamped envelope.

R. S. T., Maidstone, Eng.—We have sent you a marked copy of the "Daily Province," which gives details of the proposed railway. You do not give sufficiently exact details regarding the location of your property, so we cannot advise you. You should refuse the offer and hold on for another year.

O. W., Red Deer, Alta.—It all depends on what you intend to do. If you propose to buy as a speculation we should say no. In that district you should only buy with the idea of building. That would be a sound proposition.

S. A. A., London, Eng.—The C. P. R. has already located its line there. It does not touch the point you mention. From the information you give your land seems to be at least three miles away from the line.

Graham Island

By G. R. B. Elliott

(*Continued from Page 290, April Issue*)

THE disposition of sedimentary rocks during the Cretaceous period was not continued interruptedly, however, for they contain, bedded with these, immense thicknesses of volcanic rocks. Below is a table of the bedding at Skidegate, as estimated by Dr. Dawson:

Upper Cretaceous—Upper shales and sandstones	1,500	feet
Middle Cretaceous—Coarse conglomerates	200	"
Lower shales and sandstone with coal	5,000	"
Agglomerate (Volcanic)	3,500	"
Lower sandstones	1,000 (?)	"

At the close of the Cretaceous period the island was subjected to another upheaval, the force of which was concentrated in the mountain axis. Here again the strata were considerably contorted, and even faulted, the shattered and even powdered state of the anthracite seams being due to this cause. On the other hand, it may be said that the anthracite would have remained bituminous had it not been for this altering and compression.

The newer Tertiary formation is divided into two distinct parts, the first, occupying the greater part of the island north and west of Masset Inlet, being volcanic, and the second, on the other side of Masset Inlet, extending the whole length of the east coast being sedimentary. These two formations together comprise practically all of the lower-lying land which could be used for agriculture.

Overlying the rock formation are the comparatively modern drifts composed principally of sand, clay, gravel and boulder clay. Through the mountainous parts of the island they have been washed away, even if they ever existed, but on the lower lands, particularly in the eastern section they are present in immense quantity, through the greater part of the area completely covering the underlying strata. In some places many marine shells appear, indicating the comparatively recent elevation of the land above the sea level.

Evidence goes to show that the whole channel between Vancouver Island and the mainland was at one time occupied by a great glacier, flowing southward, its terminal moraine forming the peninsula on which the city of Vancouver stands, shutting off the Fraser River from its old bed through Burrard Inlet. At this point the ice must have a depth of at least 5,000 feet, for, while with the exception of the "Lions" and a few of the peaks to the east, all the mountains in the vicinity have the peculiar rounded contours due to glaciation.

Continuous with the southern glacier, but flowing northerly, was another equal to it in size, the summit being approximately at what is now Seymour Narrows. At this time Graham Island was somewhat lower than it is at present, and the ice mass flowed out over it tearing up and carrying along such fragments of the underlying rock as might be loosened.

During the progress of the glacier detretal material would all be carried to the front of the flow, but as it gradually receded deposits would be scattered as circumstances allowed. A stream flowing off the ice would carry an immense quantity. The junction of two glaciers far back in the mountains would mean that the edge, which before carried the greatest proportion of abraded material, would now become the middle, and the gravel and stones would be carried forward more rapidly. The period of winter advance and summer retreat would cause an uneven deposit, for what was left by the summer would be pushed ahead in the winter. An ice fragment left behind by the retreat, on melting, would leave a

INDIAN PONY ON NATURAL GRASS PASTURE NEAR MASSET INLET, GRAHAM ISLAND

depression, without an outlet. Everything would tend to make a rolling country with gravel and boulder hills, while the finer material would be washed into the hollows.

SOILS

Analyses made by the writer would indicate that the resulting soils are exactly such as these conditions would lead one to expect. They may be logically divided into three general classes:

First.—Gravel and boulder clays containing more or less rounded fragments of baked shale, quartzite and volcanic rock, the latter predominating. The shales are, however, much the larger and more rounded, showing that they have been subjected to a longer period of wear, and only the stronger have been left. They are extremely hard and dense, and would yield very slowly to disintegration, but it is they that would furnish the carbonate of lime.

The volcanic rocks vary from felsites to trachytes, some of them being almost porous enough to be called pumice. All are more friable than the shales, and more angular, showing that they have not been subjected to the same amount of wear. They are probably derived, not from the place of their disposition. The greater part of the soluble material and clay in the soil would come from these. A peculiar condition in the specimens examined is that no grains of pure quartz sand appeared.

Second.—Grey clay silts, very fine in texture, and carrying a very high percentage of soluble material. One specimen examined carried the unusually high percentage of 2.4 of potash.

Third.—Much soils carrying a high percentage of vegetable matter. These occupy the bottoms of all the valleys, where the streams have not yet had sufficient time to cut deep channels to the sea. This process of natural drainage has also been retarded by the heavy growth of timber lodging in the stream beds. In general the muck soils may be said to overlay the silts previously mentioned. This combination, when properly cultivated, should produce some phenomenal results.

It would seem then that the present wet state of the country was not so much due to the climate as to the combination of two reasons:

(1) The clogging of natural outlets by fallen trees and vegetables; (2) the porous gravel hills acting as great reservoirs, taking in the rain water that falls and preventing any surface flow, but letting it out at their foot, and in innumerable springs opening below the surface of the low lands.

The obvious corrections would be (1) to clear the streams, and (2) not to underdrain at close intervals with small drains, comparatively near the surface as is done in all bottom lands, but to locate and tap the sources of underground water by openings large enough to empty them. This could be done at an expense only a fraction of the cost of the other method, but for the best results it would require considerable experience.

According to Poole, "No one could pass a week among the islands without becoming convinced of their agricultural capacities. Vancouver Island has plenty of good, arable land, but I saw nothing there, either in quality or quantity, to what is to be seen on every side along the shores of Queen Charlotte Islands. The soil fit for farming purposes is not only extensive beyond all present calculations, but rich beyond description and, better still, unappropriated. It seems to be ever crying to the personifies of civilization, 'Come and farm me and I will return a hundredfold.' "

PLANTS

The vegetation of Graham Island varies through all degrees from the massive cone-bearing forests to the open and treeless bogs or grass-covered meadows. The mountain slopes are heavily timbered with trees as much as 250 to 300 feet high and 60 feet in circumference. Fires have destroyed a very large amount, but great quantities are still standing.

By far the most distinctive feature of the plant growth is the large area of open bog carrying, for the most part, one to four feet of peat muck overlying the clay formation below. It would seem that these bogs were due, not to the low level of the ground, but to a constant supply of water and sufficient opportunities for escape.

According to Bulletin 21, United States Department of Agriculture, "The principal species of trees which occur in the island are the Sitka spruce (*Pices sitchensis*), Western hemlock (*Tsuga heterophylla*), the Alpine hemlock (*Tzuga Mertensiana*), the Giant cedar (*Thuja plicata*), the Yellow cedar (*Chamaecyparis nootkatensis*), the Northwest Coast pine (*Pinus contorta*), and the Pacific yew (*Taxus brevifolia*). In addition to these the alder (*Alnus oregania*) grows to a large size, often having a diameter of from twelve to twenty inches, or even larger; the willow (*Salix scouleriana*) is often of fair size, and the Oregan crab-apple (*Pyrus rivularis*) grows along some of the inland streams, and also on the beaches, and forms a great impediment to travel, owing to its spiky or thorny character.

"Among berries the most abundant seen by us were the sallal (*Caultheria shallon*), the salmonberry (*Rubus spectabilis*), especially plentiful and laden with large yellow and red berries; the elderberry (*Sambucera involucrato*) and the wild currant (*Ribes*). Throughout the forest progress is greatly impeded by thickets of sallals and salmonberries, by a thick growth of devil's club (*Echinopanax horridum*), and by large quantities of the rank skunk cabbage (*Lysichiton kamtachatcense*), the fleshy, succulent roots of which are favorite food of bears, and whose leaves sometimes measure three feet in length by eighteen inches in width. The great amount of moisture which prevails for a large part of the year develops an abundant undergrowth of shrubs and ferns, that often occur in great clustering bushes and are almost impossible to penetrate. Through many centuries of decay large numbers of huge trees have become embedded in the soil, which is probably composed of decayed vegetation, the usually very rough ground surface is often covered with large prostrate tree trunks from five to eight feet in diameter, which lie in all directions and are thus practically impassable. Upon these fallen trunks numerous examples of wonderful forest growth are seen, in the presence of large cedars and other trees, which grow entirely from the upper surface of the fallen timber, the huge roots of the latter growth clasping the trunk beneath. The newer tree sometimes has a diameter of four to six feet and height of 200 feet. The prostrate log when cut into is in many cases apparently quite sound, in spite of the long interval that must have elapsed during the growth of the newer tree."

LOOKING ACROSS MASSET INLET TO THE MOUNTAINS IN THE SOUTHERN PART OF GRAHAM ISLAND

CLIMATE

Graham Island, encircled on all sides by the full sweep of the warm Japan current, has a far more equable climate than any other portion of British Columbia or the Northern Pacific coast. In the coastal waters has developed a marine life greater in size and variety than is to be found on the Atlantic seaboard outside of the tropics. The heavy range of mountains along the western margin of the island retard the prevailing warm winds from the Pacific, forcing them to deposit their moisture on the outer slope. The dry wind coming down to the lower levels rises in temperature with the increased pressure, giving to the centre of the island a continual example of a miniature Chinook wind. The resulting climate is far warmer, dryer and more equable than on the adjacent mainland.*

*Note.—Since writing the above it has been brought to the writer's notice that Dr. Dawson in his report says: "It may often be noted that while heavy rain is falling on the mountains, the sky is exceptionally clear over the island to the eastward." He also reports that no snow fell on the low land during the winter of 1877-8.

Government reports give the following for Masset:

Annual rainfall - -	30.4	inches
Annual snowfall - -	59.4	"
Highest temperature -	75	degrees
Lowest temperature -	20	"
Average - - - - -	46.2	"

Poole, in his report, says: "A good idea may be formed of the climate of the Queen Charlotte Islands when I report it is milder than any part of Scotland or of Victoria, the capital of the colony. In summer the heat averages less, while the winter months are much warmer, the atmosphere at all times seeming clear, dry and pure. The temperature never fell more than eight degrees below freezing point. Mean temperature for the year was 68 degrees, and never more than 80 degrees. Rainfall for February, 21.7 inches.

"The regular and steady winds dried the ground up quickly. Snow fell rarely and was in small quantities, soon disappearing.

"Our two winters were both of them wonderfully short and mild. If I except the turbulent storm weather which now and then assailed us and the frequent, yet not continuous, rain which the immense timberage of the islands well accounts for, we had, properly speaking, no winter. Judging from the climate only, one certainly could not have supposed that we lay as near the Arctic Ocean as Labrador. It never was as cold as when a week's frost occurs in London. In short, the most graphic comparison I can draw is with the northern island of New Zealand or our own South Devon."

Evidence would indicate that the storms come from two directions, from the westward and the southeast. Those from the west appear over Dixon Entrance, and expending, these force against the mainland around Prince Rupert. Those from the southeast are of short duration, but beat with fury against the exposed eastern coast.

TIDES

The rise and fall of tide varies from 14 feet 10 inches to 11 feet 9 inches, and the tidal currents average one to two knots.

In comparison with those moderate rates of flow may be noted the strong currents of the mainland coast, of which Poole makes the comment: "Many excellent harbors do exhibit on the mainland, but few of them are as yet in general use, owing to the powerful tides and currents, and to the contrary winds that are so prevalent on the coast, these harbors are, and must remain, practically closed, unless to steamers of high pressure; and I testify that, notwithstanding the pleasant and generally safe character of the passage, the stream is what alone can turn the harbors of the mainland to practical account in the interest of commerce."

The tides around the islands appear to meet at between Cape Ball and Rose Point, the exact point of slack water varying with local conditions of duration and strength of prevailing winds, etc. According to Dawson, the temperature of the surface of the sea, taken every evening, was:

	Average
Victoria to Millbank Sound, *via* inner channels, May 28 to June 9 - - - - - - - - -	54.1 deg.
Forty-two observations in vicinity of Queen Charlotte Islands, June 9 to August 28 - - -	53.8 "
Port Simpson and Millbank Sound, Aug. 29 to Sept. 12 -	54.5 "
North end Vancouver Island and inner channels and Victoria, Sept. 12 to Oct. 17 - - -	50.7 "
Samples of mud taken up on dredge from bottom of Dixon Entrance at 100 fathoms - -	47 "

JAMES BAY HARBOR FROM THE CAUSEWAY, SHOWING PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.

Outdoor Recreation in and Around Victoria

By E. M.

PROBABLY no city in the world has all the advantages which Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, possesses as a center for recreation the year round. There is not a month during the entire year in which the lover of outdoor sport will not find enjoyment of some kind in the city, or close to its doors. The moderation of the climate has of course a great deal to do with the facility of taking advantage of the opportunities afforded, but the great variety of sport is a result of the happy combination of sea and shore, forest, lake and river, and a country which gives endless chances for open-air enjoyment.

To the automobilist the splendid roads and the almost universal fair weather from May until October, on the southern portion of the Island, affords superb conditions for motoring. The highways leading from Victoria to Campbell river up the east coast, covering the famous Malahat Drive, through Duncan, Ladysmith, Courtney, Comox and other districts, make one of the finest tours possible. From Nanaimo to the Alberni District and the Great Central and Sproat Lakes makes another magnificent trip, and gives the traveller an opportunity to visit Stamp River Falls, the falls of the Somass River, Ash River, McBride Creek, and get unsurpassed trout fishing, as well as view some of the most beautiful scenery on the Island.

Trips through the Cowichan Valley, around Maple Bay, Quamichan Lake, Somenos Lake, Cowichan Lake, the Colwood and Metchosin Districts, Sooke and Otter Districts are also runs which will bring the autoist into a most beautiful and grandly diversified country, and will also put him in touch with excellent trout fishing. The Malahat Drive alone is worth crossing the continent to negotiate, for the view over Saanich Arm from the summit is one of those sights which can never be reproduced either by pen or brush, but which stamp themselves on the memory for all time.

To the angler, whether the salmon fisher or the Waltonian seeker after trout, the vicinity of Victoria has an embarrassment of riches. It is true that many a fisherman will return with empty creel during the season, but "fisherman's luck" is proverbial, and the only place where the fish are always to be caught in quantities is in the river of fancy, where the silvery waters flow over the sands of delight, and where you cast the fly of imagination and wield the rod of prevarication.

But within an hour or two's run of Victoria, whether by train or motor, you will find plenty of fishable water, and either for trout, salmon or grilse, there is an abundance of good pools and likely places for the skilled angler; and the surroundings and scenery are all that could be desired, with a total absence of flies, and the weather almost always sunshiny and agreeable. Cowichan Lake and River, Cameron Lake and River, Somenos Lake, Qualicum River and other comparatively near-by points are easily reached, and some good fish are occasionally creeled at Shawnigan Lake. Trolling for salmon can be had right in Victoria harbor, and at Campbell River the fifty-pound spring salmon are brought to gaff both by fly and artificial lures. Good salmon trolling can also be had at Cowichan Bay, and in the harbors at Ladysmith, Nanaimo and all along the coast.

Shooting, in the season, offers bear, deer, cougar, the ring-necked pheasant, blue and willow grouse, valley and mountain quail, ducks, geese, brant, snipe and some swan along the upper west coast. Pheasant shooting is royal sport, no more cunning bird ever tested the sportsman than a seasoned old cock pheasant. Blue grouse shooting is soon over, but is a combination of

mountain climbing and shooting, and when the birds sail down a mountain-side, through thick cover, it takes quick and accurate shooting to down your grouse. It is in these upper mountain reaches that the mountain quail are found, and they are lightning on the wing, and a "double" on these birds is a feat to be proud of.

The willow grouse, the ruffed grouse more accurately speaking, haunts the lowlands in the earlier part of the season, but later on, as the leaves fall, quits the swamps and takes to higher ground where he lies better to the dogs, and gives probably the best sport of any game bird on the Island.

Duck shooting in some parts of the Island is very fine, particularly along the west coast, and on the east coast about Comox, and occasionally some good bags are made on the Cowichan flats. For geese the shooter must ordinarily go rather far afield, but some of the very best of the brant shooting is comparatively close to the city on some of the adjoining islands. This is unique and fine sport and on a favorable day the hunter can get anywhere from ten to twenty splendid birds. Snipe, the true *scolpax wilsonii,* are found after the frosts come in late November and December, and haunt the meadows, the ditches in the lowlands, and the edges of flats and salt marshes, where the land slopes to the tidal flats.

In some localities a bag of deer, grouse, pheasant, duck and snipe has been made in one day, with valley quail as well. This, of course, is exceptional, but grouse, pheasant, snipe and quail is by no means an extraordinarily diversified bag for a day's shoot near Victoria.

For black-tail deer, an hour's run from Victoria will bring the hunter into good deer country, both along the line of the E. & N. Railway and by motor through districts not touched by the railways. The North Saanich peninsula gives splendid quail and pheasant shooting, good willow grouse shooting and some blue grouse, together with first-rate brant shooting on the sand spits of adjacent islands. There are a few good bucks around Mount Newton on the Saanich peninsula, one of which made me wish for a rifle while grouse shooting near its summit.

Altogether, the country close to Victoria is one which offers exceptionally good fishing and shooting, with excellent motor roads and good railway connections. Hotels at all the principal points and guides for bear and cougar shooting will be found, and boatmen at the lakes and rivers. It will always save possible disappointment for the visiting hunter and fisher to consult some of the Victoria gun store men or fishing tackle shop proprietors as to places to go, and people to see, before starting out.

To the lovers of yachting and motor boating, Victoria will give ample scope for the very finest of sport in that particular line. The water and the variety of scenery will be found of the best, and for sailing the inland waters will be found quite rough enough to test the skill of the yachtsmen, however experienced. The Victoria Yacht Club has a number of crack sailors, and the regattas held at Victoria are always well attended and productive of splendid sport.

For camping out by seashore and in the woods Victoria can be depended on to show much more than ordinary attractions. In every direction the nooks and vistas where the white tents of the camper dot the country attest to this fact. Along the beaches the clean white sands attract many of these lovers of out-of-doors, and sailing, bathing and idling in the sun brings back health and strength to many a tired mortal from the towns. The sea bathing at Cadboro Bay, Fowl Bay and Shoal Bay, all close to Victoria, is particularly good, as the shallower water at these points makes the water warmer than at deeper places.

Nothing in the world is more "happifying" for the "kiddies" than the tumbling in the sand, the sea and sun baths, and the general outdoors experiences of these summer vacations.

To those who visit the city during the spring, summer and autumn months there is always something going on in outdoor sport. Cricket, baseball, hockey, bowling on the green, lacrosse, basketball, tennis, football, canoeing, all will be found during the months beginning in May and extending up until Christmas. The parks, particularly Beacon Hill Park and Gorge Park, both in the city, are really unique in their beauty of surroundings and prospect.

To the lover of golf, Victoria will afford links of surpassing beauty, close to the sea, and with hazards and bunkers of sufficient difficulties to make the game intensely interesting. The links at Oak Bay are particularly beautiful, with the ships nearly always

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in sight from the hills, and the sea air blowing in free to the players. The links at Macaulay Point are also very picturesque, and both at Oak Bay and Macaulay Point the grounds are regularly frequented by devotees of the sport on almost every day during the entire year.

For a city which is coming so rapidly and surely to the front as a commercial and shipping centre, Victoria is particularly fortunate in having as an off-set to the strenuous life so many and such splendid advantages for relaxation in the open at its very threshold.

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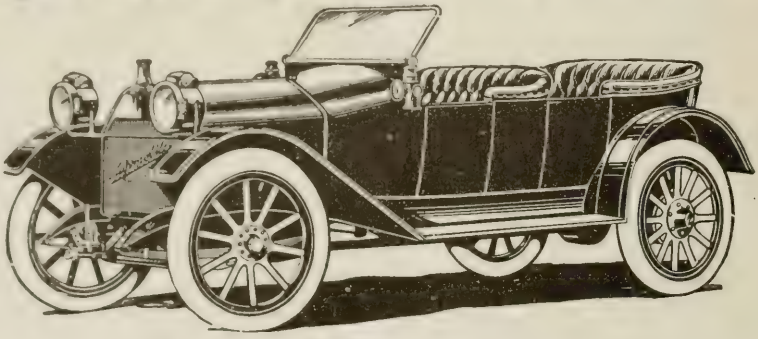

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We are also building 25 houses for workmen at the present time—dozens of other people are building houses, stores, hotels, restaurants, etc.

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Altogether probably 2,000 men are at work at Coquitlam now—over 1,000 on the C. P. R. alone. The contract is let for the first unit of the 48-stall roundhouse.

The C. P. R. will spend millions here in what will probably ultimately be the finest and largest railway terminals in Canada—they should employ 5,000 men, thus assuring a population of 25,000 to 30,000 directly dependent on the C. P. R. alone.

It is estimated that this year alone $20,000,000 was lost by the farmers of the West through inaccessibility to markets in one way or another—the C. P. R. is building up Coquitlam to take part of that immense amount of money EVERY YEAR.

Another Oakland

Coquitlam will be another Oakland, but Coquitlam and Vancouver have all Canada to themselves, while Oakland and San Francisco have to divide the United States up with Seattle, Los Angeles, Portland and other ports.

Everyone who is looking ahead a few years and who wants to be independent should get particulars about the Terminal Townsite of Coquitlam—we are sole owners. Make the agent show you that he is our agent.

PRICES: Business Lots $600 to $1500
Residential Lots $300 to $900
Easy terms if desired

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Leigh-Spencer Bldg
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Name .....

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B C M

Coquitlam Terminal Co. Limited
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Short Talks on

Point Grey

No. 1

You do not have to buy lots ten, twenty or thirty miles from Vancouver, to make money. Every new industrial development on the lower mainland will *directly* benefit Vancouver, because the increased capital put in circulation will flow naturally into the nearest large trade centre.

Therefore you should buy lots as close to Vancouver as the amount of your capital permits, because this city is the hub and centre of business in this province.

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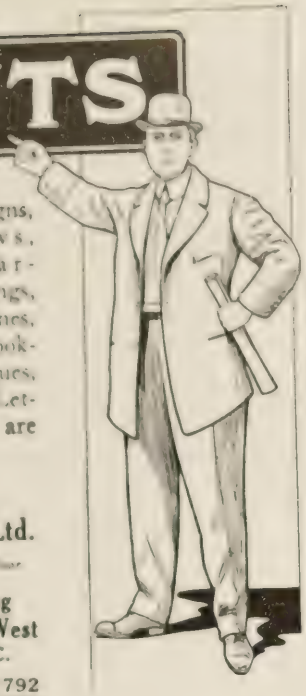

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Vancouver

The World's Most Progressive City

is continually establishing new records in substantial and rapid growth, and the rate of increase along all lines of activity which one month is considered phenomenal is being eclipsed in the month following.

The building permits issued in Vancouver during the month of April, 1912, numbered 352, with a total value of $1,632,805, which, compared with the record of April a year ago of 286 permits with a value of $1,186,320, shows an increase of 66 in number of permits issued, and in value $446,485. The value of permits issued during April is approximately $200,000 greater than those of March, 1912.

The number of permits taken out for dwelling-houses continues to lead over every other class of building, though in total value they are exceeded by the permits issued for apartment and rooming-houses, there being 246 permits with a value of $439,450 for the former, and 30 permits with a value of $556,200 for the latter class of building.

PERMITS ISSUED FOR APRIL, 1912

	Number	Value
Repairs and alterations	32	$ 22,460
Dwelling-houses	246	439,450
Apartment and rooming-houses	30	556,200
Factories and warehouses	19	97,850
Offices and store buildings ...	25	516,845
	352	$1,632,805

The value of the permits for the first four months of 1912 is still slightly under that of same period in 1911. This is accounted for by the fact that a great many permits for large office buildings were taken out before the bylaw limiting the height of buildings to ten storeys came into force early last year, which had the effect of unduly swelling the permits for the first few months of the year. During the present year the building will be spread more evenly over the whole year, and from all indications the number of buildings erected during the present year will greatly exceed those for 1911.

The customs receipts for the month of April, 1912, have exceeded all previous records, the collections for the month totalling $807,951.67. This amount exceeds that of February last by $87,102.25, which up until now was the record for the amount of business passing through the office. This large increase in the customs returns is not caused by any one commodity, but is along general lines.

For the first four months of 1912 the increase in revenue over that of 1911 amounts to $723,399. The figures for the first four months of the last two years are as follows:

	1911	1912
January	$ 359,662.38	$ 517,637.39
February	493,964.38	730,839.42
March	571,141.47	652,639.14
April	571,009.47	807,951.67
	$1,995,677.96	$2,709,067.62

The Vancouver bank clearings are still continuing to show a very satisfactory increase from month to month, the clearings for April, 1912, amounting to $52,324,013, which is the highest amount for any one month this year, and shows an increase of $10,946,257 over the same month a year ago, a gain of nearly 25 per cent.

The clearings for the month just closed are with one exception the highest in the history of the Vancouver clearing-house. The only time this total was exceeded was in November, 1911, when the clearings were unusually large owing to the heavy holiday business.

For the month of April the receipts at the Land Registry Office at Vancouver amount to $27,518.68, and for the same month last year $23,892.85, an increase of $3,625.83, or over 15 per cent. The month just closed establishes the record of the largest average daily receipts, for though March of the present year, with a total of $27,650.57, is slightly larger, still as April had three working days less than March the daily average is considerably higher.

One of the evidences of the rapidity with which Vancouver is growing is the large amount of construction now under way on the city's streets. In this connection the City Council awarded this month contracts for permanent pavements to the amount of $1,000,000.

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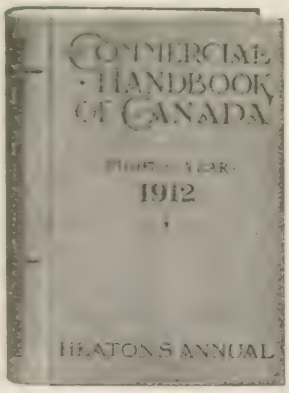

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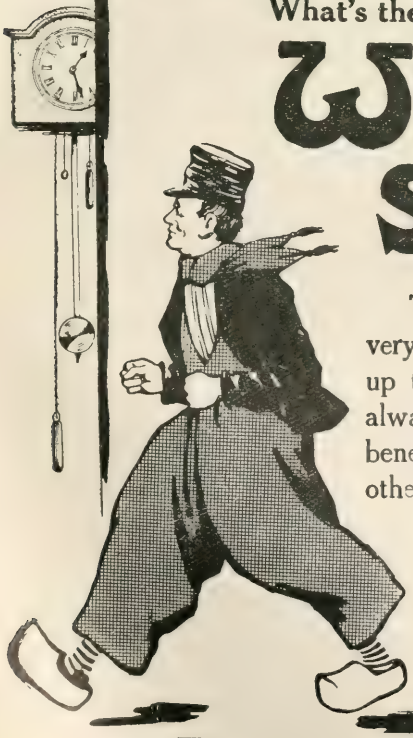

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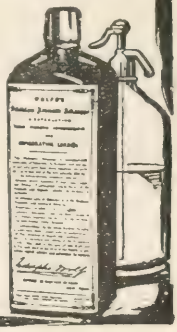

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Dominion Stock and Bond Corporation Limited

Ground Floor, Winch Building VANCOUVER, B. C.

A Forty-acre Farm in the Upper Fraser Valley is Your Opportunity Today

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2. SOIL: The most productive—valley loam and alluvial soil.
3. MARKETS: At the door, with prices that richly reward the efforts of the farmer.
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